# LURKERS AT SUNLIGHT'S EDGE

A FOUR-PART STORY BY **MARTY ROSS**

**DRAMATIS PERSONAE**

**THE DOCTOR: SYLVESTER McCOY**
Time traveller.

**ACE: SOPHIE ALDRED**
Time traveller's companion.

**HEX: PHILIP OLIVIER**
Time traveller's other companion.

**C.P. DOVEDAY:**
Middle-aged New Englander. Mild-mannered, with a real poetry in his soul… and real ferocity lurking underneath.

**DR FREYA GABRIEL:**
A young-ish Scandinavian psychiatrist. Rather brilliant, and has fought too hard to gain her status to go hiding the fact.

**EMERSON WHYTECRAG:**
A New England blue-blood, disdainful of those he considers lesser beings… which is to say, most of the human race.

**PROFESSOR AUGUST CORBIN:**
Middle-aged, English. An essentially decent man who, in a weak moment, sold his soul to dark forces. Nervous and fearful.

**SLADE:**
Whytecrag's hired muscle – a cockney, a WWI soldier who now hires himself out as a mercenary.

**CAPTAIN AKINS:**
A decent, committed U.S. soldier, but a little prone to doing everything by the book.

**OTHER ROLES:**

**KINNEY:**
One of Slade's nervier men.

**PATIENTS ONE & TWO:**
The 'patients' are not actually patients at all, but they should certainly sound like mental patients.

**KARNAS'KOI:**
Voices should be distorted to give the most monstrous, war-like effect.

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**PART ONE**

**SCENE 1. EXT. SNOWFIELD**

(FX: TARDIS MATERIALISES, DOOR OPENS. FOOTSTEPS ONTO SNOW.)

DOCTOR:
(STEPPING OUT) I'd fasten up those anoraks, if I were you.

ACE:
(COLD) Professor! Couldn't we have found somewhere warmer?

HEX:
(ALSO COLD) Yeah, like Marbella?

ACE:
Botswana?

HEX:
Southport?

ACE:
Southport?

HEX:
(SHIVERS) Southport would be warmer than this.

DOCTOR:
Now, now, the Alaskan scenery has its own wild charms. (FX: CLOSES TARDIS DOOR) And it's 1934, so the ice is more secure than in your era, Mister Hex.

HEX:
Yes, Doctor. Alaska. Wild. Charming. Cold.

DOCTOR:
Well — not Alaska precisely, rather an island off its Northern coast. An island that wasn't here four years, three months and six days ago. Hence the appeal of coming here.

HEX:
Yeah. Hugely appealing.

ACE:
It wasn't here? What is it? Volcanic?

DOCTOR:
Hard to tell, with the bedrock so covered in snow and ice…

HEX:
Yeah. Mind we don't lose the TARDIS, seeing as it still thinks white is this season's colour.

DOCTOR:
… But I don't think so.

ACE:
Then how did it get here? I presume it didn't just drop out of the sky. Or did it?

DOCTOR:
No, I don't think that's it either. Look at the formations in the cliff face above…

ACE:
(SEEING CORBIN) Oh now, *that's* interesting.

HEX:
Yeah. More snow and ice.

ACE:
Look *up*, dummy.

HEX:
Hey, there's a man!

DOCTOR:
Precisely. Watching us. — (CALLING) Hello up there!

CORBIN:
(DISTANT, RUNNING OFF) Nooo!!!

HEX:
He didn't like the look of us.

DOCTOR:
More to the point, he sounded frightened.

ACE:
Which means we're going after him?

DOCTOR:
Fear, as the mystics used to say, is the first step towards revelation. — Come on!

(FX: FOOTSTEPS HURRYING OFF THROUGH SNOW. CROSSFADE TO:)

**SCENE 2: EXT. TOP OF ICE CLIFF**

(FX: COLD WIND. THREESOME CLAMBERING TO TOP OF SNOWY CLIFF.)

DOCTOR:
(EFFORT) Ah — good — this is the top!

HEX:
(GASPING) What a disappointment. I was hoping there'd be at least another thousand feet. For the workout, you know?

ACE:
Any sign of that bloke, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
No, but… (DROPPING HEAVY HINT) … why don't we wander over to those rocks?

ACE:
Yeah, I get you…

(FX: A FEW STEPS IN THE SNOW. CORBIN POPPING UP FROM BEHIND ROCKS.)

CORBIN:
No! Keep away!

ACE:
Doctor, he's got a gun!

DOCTOR:
It doesn't look like a gun.

CORBIN:
Who are you? You — you're not — [Whytecrag's people?]

DOCTOR:
Friends, that's who we are.

CORBIN:
Friends? Whose friends? Whytecrag's? You're Whytecrag's team? You got here? You got here!

DOCTOR:
Yes, yes, we got here.

CORBIN:
Then tell me… "How many lurkers dream in the vault?"

DOCTOR:
(SOTTO) Lurkers? Vault?

CORBIN:
How many?!?

HEX:
We're starting with the easy questions, right?

CORBIN:
"How tall stands the fourth dreamer?" How tall?

DOCTOR:
Do I get a clue?

CORBIN:
You're not with Whytecrag.

DOCTOR:
No, but we *are* friends.

CORBIN:
No friends here. Terrors, more like! I opened the doorway, just for a second! And I won't see it opened again! (FX: MAKES TO RUN OFF)

ACE:
(GRABBING HIM) Not so fast, buster. —

CORBIN:
(STRUGGLING) Terrors from within! Terrors, in the black, bottomless eye of the Ancient Ones!

ACE:
(STRUGGLING) All we want to do is talk. —

CORBIN:
Get — off me!!! (FX: WHACKS ACE WITH THE BUTT OF HIS 'GUN')

ACE:
Aow!

CORBIN:
I'm sorry! (FX: RUNNING) So sorry!!!

HEX:
Ace, you alright?

ACE:
I'm fine. Whacked me in the ribs with his gun.

DOCTOR:
I said, it isn't a gun.

HEX:
Hey, he's left it behind. Looks more like a frozen umbrella.

DOCTOR:
An "umbrella" made from the hardest crystal.

ACE:
You what?

DOCTOR:
And these spikes on the end amount to more than broken spokes. I should like to talk some more to that fellow.

ACE:
Great. Well, he went *thataway*.

DOCTOR:
Come along.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS HURRYING OFF THROUGH SNOW. CROSSFADE TO:)

**SCENE 3: EXT. ICY RAVINE**

(FX: FADE UP. ICY WIND MORE SUBDUED. FOOTSTEPS OF DOCTOR & COMPANIONS APPROACHING.)

ACE:
We've lost those tracks again.

DOCTOR:
Yes, our quarry seems to know his way around this landscape.

HEX:
I'll just bet he had a better idea how to get out of this ravine than we do.

(FX: A BURST OF AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE FROM ABOVE.)

ACE:
Look out!

(FX: BULLETS SMACKING OFF SNOW AND ROCK NEARBY.)

WHYTECRAG:
(CALLING FROM ABOVE) Cease fire! — Who's that down there?!

DOCTOR:
(CALLING UP) Eh… friends!

ACE:
Doctor — those guys up there really do have —

DOCTOR:
Guns? I noticed.

WHYTECRAG:
(CALLING DOWN) Come on up then, "friends"!

HEX:
(TO ACE) We really gonna do as he says?

ACE:
I'm counting half-a-dozen semi-automatic reasons to do exactly as he says. (MOVING OFF) Come on.

(FX: CROSSFADE TO:)

**SCENE 4: EXT. ABOVE RAVINE**

(FX: FADE UP.)

SLADE:
Here they come now, sir.

WHYTECRAG:
I can see that, Mr Slade. (ALOUD) Friends!

HEX:
(APPROACHING) Yeah, don't overdo it, mate.

DOCTOR:
(STOPPING, TO WHYTECRAG) Good afternoon. I wonder, could you tell us —

ACE:
Who are you? What are you doing here?

WHYTECRAG:
My men being armed, I get to ask first.

ACE:
Fair enough.

DOCTOR:
I'm the Doctor.

WHYTECRAG:
What, from the Institute?

HEX:
Institute?

WHYTECRAG:
You don't know about the Institute?

DOCTOR:
Why don't you tell me about the Institute?

WHYTECRAG:
I'm asking the questions! Are you with Corbin's lot? I heard he picked up a Doctor in Nova Scotia…

DOCTOR:
*The* Doctor is who I am. These are my assistants. Miss McShane and Nurse Schofield.

ACE:
*Dr* McShane. Pleased to meet you.

HEX:
Yeah, me an' all.

WHYTECRAG:
(DISTASTE) A male nurse. Remarkable. (BEAT) I'm Emerson Whytecrag. As you'll know, if you're with Corbin.

DOCTOR:
Of course. He warned us you were an imposing figure.

WHYTECRAG:
I haven't even begun to impose myself. Now, tell me: [How many-?]

DOCTOR:
It's time you answered a question or two. For starters… how many lurkers dream in the vault?

WHYTECRAG:
Why not? — Three dream in the vault, the fourth elsewhere.

DOCTOR:
And how tall stands the fourth?

WHYTECRAG:
Tall as a man, of course. — Corbin told you *something*, then.

DOCTOR:
Nurse Schofield, will you pass the… thank you. He also entrusted *this* to our care. — You *do* know what it is?

WHYTECRAG:
The crystal key! - They haven't missed this at the Institute?

DOCTOR:
Not so far as I'm aware.

WHYTECRAG:
It's all so near, all of a sudden. You've been to the doorway?

DOCTOR:
Not yet.

WHYTECRAG:
But you know how to find it? Corbin's last radio message suggested the text was correct about the route.

DOCTOR:
Well… it is.

WHYTECRAG:
Well, then — lead the way!

(BEAT)

ACE:
(SOTTO) Doctor…!

DOCTOR:
It was… that way! … I think…

(FX: RATCHET OF SLADE'S RIFLE.)

SLADE:
After you.

(FX: MANY FEET TRAMPING OFF THROUGH SNOW. CROSSFADE TO:)

**SCENE 5: EXT. SNOWFIELD**

(FX: FADE UP MANY FEET TRAMPING THROUGH SNOW.)

HEX:
(TRUDGING, SOTTO) Doctor…

DOCTOR:
(TRUDGING, SOTTO) Yes, Hex?

HEX:
(TRUDGING, SOTTO) We *are* just walking through the middle of nowhere in no clear direction, aren't we?

DOCTOR:
(TRUDGING, SOTTO) Not at all. We're following my best estimate of the direction that other fellow must have gone in.

ACE:
(TRUDGING, SOTTO) Nice to know we know what we're doing.

DOCTOR:
(TRUDGING, SOTTO) Of course, it *is* a very rough estimate.

WHYTECRAG:
(CALLING FROM OFF) Doctor! Halt!

DOCTOR:
(STOPPING) Mr Whytecrag.

WHYTECRAG:
(WALKING OVER TO DOCTOR) I've been checking our direction against the text. We're a good nine degrees out.

DOCTOR:
The text?

WHYTECRAG:
The great and sacred text. (FX: FLICKING THROUGH PAGES OF BOUND VOLUME) "The co-ordinates inscribed in my mind by monstrous dreams and the position of the stars…"

DOCTOR:
What is that volume you're carrying-?

WHYTECRAG:
(FX: SNAPPING VOLUME SHUT) The sacred text is not for the eyes of the hired help! Take us where Corbin took you, or — (CUT SHORT)

SLADE:
(RUNNING UP) Sir! Down there, in the valley! A field of mist!

WHYTECRAG:
Yes, yes. What is it the text says? (FX: FLICKING PAGES) "There in the mists of the valley lay the border between Arctic sunlight and that arcane, abyssmal obscurity amid which the Ancient ones slumbered." (FX: SNAPPING BOOK SHUT) So, Doctor… we're not so far off course, after all. Why don't you and your colleagues lead the way down?

SLADE:
Move!

(FX: ALL TRUDGE OFF. CROSSFADE TO:)

**SCENE 6: EXT. FIELD OF MIST**

(FX: FADE UP. STRANGE LOW, EERIE WIND. TRUDGING FOOTSTEPS.)

DOCTOR:
(WALKING) That book of yours, Whytecrag, was certainly spot on as far as the obscurity down here.

WHYTECRAG:
(WALKING) Yes, a perpetual freezing mist generated by the place itself.

ACE:
(WALKING) What 'place' would that be, then?

WHYTECRAG:
(WALKING) We should see before long.

HEX:
(WALKING) I'll settle for seeing the ends of me fingers.

SLADE:
(CALLING FROM OFF) Sir! Ahead of you! Sir!

WHYTECRAG:
(RUNNING OVER) What is it, Slade?

SLADE:
Ice! A massive pillar of ice!

ACE:
More like a frozen fountain. Only ten times as high.

HEX:
Hold on — there's things in the ice… aren't there?

DOCTOR:
I need torches. Here! And here!

(BEAT)

SLADE:
Saints preserve us…

DOCTOR:
Whatever did this preserving, it wasn't your saints.

WHYTECRAG:
I know these men. The bulk of Corbin's team. Frozen solid.

ACE:
Yeah, look at their faces-?

SLADE:
Terror. That's what I'm seeing there.

WHYTECRAG:
Mister Slade — compose yourself. (ALOUD) We're moving on. The target can only be —

HEX:
Hey, the mist's clearing. I can see something. Can't judge the distance, mind. A mountain-?

DOCTOR:
No. Some other structure.

ACE:
It's a building. A building the size of St Paul's!

WHYTECRAG:
More than three times the size. According to the Institute's measurements. (ALOUD) On! On! We move on!

(FX: ALL RUSH ON. CROSSFADE TO)

**SCENE 7: EXT. CITADEL**

(FX: FADE UP. FOOTSTEPS ADVANCING, THEN STOPPING.)

WHYTECRAG:
(AWED) Here. The citadel. Exactly as the text has it!

ACE:
Doctor, is that a door-?

DOCTOR:
Yes. A door in need of a key.

HEX:
The frozen umbrella!

DOCTOR:
Precisely.

WHYTECRAG:
Beyond this door, Doctor, waits the world's salvation. And I am the man to bring the world that salvation!

HEX:
You sure that sixty-foot high door is big enough for your head to fit through?

WHYTECRAG:
My, you're a witty young man, aren't you? Slade —

SLADE:
(STEPPING FORWARD) Sir.

HEX:
Alright, I was only yanking your [chain] — (FX: HEX HIT IN STOMACH.) Oof!

ACE:
Oi, leave him be! (HELPING HEX UP) You alright, Hex?

HEX:
(GASPING) Well, that took the wind right out of me — sails.

WHYTECRAG:
Here's a witticism of my own, Nurse Schofield. Why don't you open the door?

HEX:
What-?

WHYTECRAG:
Slade — give him the key.

DOCTOR:
(STEPPING FORWARD) I should like to volunteer.

SLADE:
(TO WHYTECRAG) Sir-?

WHYTECRAG:
Very well.

DOCTOR:
(TAKING KEY) Thank you, Mr Slade.

ACE:
(SOTTO) Doctor, you sure about this-?

DOCTOR:
There's just one thing puzzles me, Mr Whytecrag. The door is immense. Yet that… orifice there, if that's the lock…

HEX:
(REALISATION) It's human height. Why's it human height?

WHYTECRAG:
Open the door, Doctor. And the mysteries of this place will begin to resolve themselves.

(FX: MUFFLED, FROM BEHIND CITADEL WALLS, A DISTANT ANIMALISTIC SOUND, ALMOST LIKE A DISTORTED WHALE-CRY.)

ACE:
What was that?

DOCTOR:
Something beyond the door. Something deep inside.

(FX: GUNSHOT FIRED IN AIR, SLIGHTLY OFF.)

CORBIN:
(APPROACHING) The dreamers! The dreamers in the vault!

ACE:
Doctor – over there!

HEX:
Yeah, the feller who dropped the key.

CORBIN:
Get back! Get back or I'll shoot!

WHYTECRAG:
Corbin-?

CORBIN:
Back, or you're dead! Dead as my party! Dead as my men!

DOCTOR:
Professor Corbin. Tell me what happened here.

CORBIN:
What happened? Why, we barely opened the door before something woke within. From the darkness, it cried out, even as I forced the door shut again. But that cry stirred this mist into a storm, whipping my men off the ground and freezing them to death. If that can happen out here, what might happen inside?

WHYTECRAG:
I'm prepared for what might happen inside. Which is why you were to wait for me before opening the door!

CORBIN:
Whytecrag — those things in there… they demand sacrifice!

WHYTECRAG:
Then sacrifice is what we shall provide. Three times over, if necessary. You see the sacrifices we've picked up *en route*?

HEX:
Uh-oh.

WHYTECRAG:
Astonish me, Corbin. Tell me these three were genuinely part of your expedition.

CORBIN:
No. I saw them before, by the north coast. They arrived out of the air, in an English policeman's box. Only white…

WHYTECRAG:
Military police. I thought as much. — Slade, move all three towards the door.

SLADE:
You heard him! Move!

ACE:
Alright, alright!

CORBIN:
(TO WHYTECRAG) I told you, Whytecrag — I want all of us away from here. (BEAT) I'll shoot!

WHYTECRAG:
Oh, Corbin. We both know you don't have it in you.

CORBIN:
I… I don't want to… but I… I know the killing you have in mind and it…

DOCTOR:
(SOTTO) Ace, Hex — (ALOUD, RUNNING) … run!

HEX:
(RUNNING) With you all the way-!

WHYTECRAG:
No! Stop them! They have the key!

(FX: CROSSFADE TO:)

**SCENE 8: EXT. SNOWFIELD/GLACIER**

(FX: FADE UP. DOCTOR, ACE AND HEX RUNNING OVER SNOW.)

HEX:
(RUNNING) Clear of that mist, at last!

DOCTOR:
(RUNNING) Lovely view, isn't it?

ACE:
(RUNNING TO STOP) Oh no-!

DOCTOR:
A glacier to traverse. This is far from ideal!

(FX: RIFLE SHOTS NEARBY, BULLETS RICOCHETING OFF NEARBY ROCKS AND ICE.)

HEX:
Heads!

ACE:
Today gets better and better. We need to get across this thing, and quick!

HEX:
You're mad – we need, I dunno, crampons and that!

ACE:
We'll be fine. (STEPPING OUT ONTO ICE) Just watch your – [step!] (STOPPING SHORT) Oh no.

DOCTOR:
Problem?

ACE:
No, it's just there's a crevasse here that'd make Cheddar Gorge feel inadequate.

HEX:
Watch yourself, Ace.

ACE:
(STEPPING FORWARD WARILY) It's alright. There must be some way around it –

(FX: RIFLE SHOTS FROM NOT SO FAR AWAY, BULLETS RICOCHETING ABOUT NEARBY.)

HEX:
They don't give up, do they?

ACE:
(STEPPING GINGERLY) You're not wrong —

DOCTOR:
(ALARM) Ace, watch that edge!

ACE:
What ed-[ge]? (SLIPPING, FALLING) Ahhhhh!!!

(BEAT)

HEX:
Ace-?

DOCTOR:
She's gone. (CALLING INTO CREVASSE) Ace? Ace?

ACE:
(FX: ECHO — SHE'S SOME WAY BELOW) Down here!

HEX:
Oh, what have you done now-?

ACE:
It's alright, I've not broken anything. There's a ledge.

DOCTOR:
Well, can you climb back out?

ACE:
I'm not *on* the ledge. I'm hanging off it. By my fingertips.

DOCTOR:
Oh, Ace…

ACE:
Reckon I'm gonna have to let go. How far down do you reckon it goes?

DOCTOR:
(TO HEX) Take the key, Mister Hex. I'm going down.

HEX:
You're kidding. (BEAT) I'll do it.

DOCTOR:
No. I've done this sort of thing before.

HEX:
You have?

DOCTOR:
Yes. (CLIMBING OVER LIP OF CREVASSE) Not very skilfully, I must admit…

ACE:
Doctor — don't! No sense in the both of us plummetting to our deaths. —

DOCTOR:
(FX: DOCTOR'S VOICE RECEDING AS HE CLIMBS DOWN ICE WALL.) Just hold on to that ledge and do not move! (SOTTO) Ibiza really would have been easier…

HEX:
(CALLING AFTER) Watch yourself, Doctor!

(FX: REVOLVER BEING COCKED BESIDE HEX'S EAR.)

WHYTECRAG:
Quiet there, young fellow.

HEX:
Oh, it's you.

WHYTECRAG:
Just concentrate on handing over that key. — Take it, Mr. Slade.

SLADE:
(TAKING IT) Sir.

WHYTECRAG:
And pass me one of those hand grenades.

HEX:
No. No, you can't-!

(FX: CROSS TO:)

**SCENE 9: EXT. INSIDE CREVASSE**

(FX: DOCTOR CLIMBING DOWN ICE WALL, SHARDS OF ICE SLIPPING AWAY FROM UNDER HIM. ECHO TO ALL VOICES.)

ACE:
Careful, Doctor!

DOCTOR:
If I can just get to this… ledge… above you… and you can catch my arm… perhaps we can…

ACE:
Doctor! Up there! Look!

WHYTECRAG:
(OFF) Pleasant journey, Doctor! (THROWS GRENADE)

(FX: HAND GRENADE RATTLING DOWN WALLS OF ICE CREVASSE.)

ACE:
It's a grenade!

DOCTOR:
Duck, Ace! [Duck-!]

(FX: EXPLOSION! BROKEN ICE CASCADING DOWN WITHIN CREVASSE.)

**SCENE 10: EXT. GLACIER**

(FX: RUMBLE OF COLLAPSING ICE WITHIN CREVASSE SLOWLY DYING AWAY.)

HEX:
Doctor… Ace…

WHYTECRAG:
Alas, such collapses are a risk in this icy landscape.

HEX:
(LEAPING ON WHYTECRAG) Murderer!

WHYTECRAG:
(CHOKING) Slade… Slade!

SLADE:
Get off him!

(FX: THUMP WITH RIFLE BUTT, HEX FALLING.)

HEX:
Oof!

SLADE:
Do I shoot him, sir? Sweet to shoot him.

WHYTECRAG:
(COUGHING) No… no… He's of more practical use to us back at the citadel. Up you get, Nurse Schofield.

HEX:
(RISING, STILL DAZED) Hex.

WHYTECRAG:
What's that?

HEX:
Me name. Hex.

WHYTECRAG:
Very well… Mr 'Hex'… come with us.

SLADE:
Or else!

(FX: TRUDGING OFF ACROSS ICE. FADE)

**SCENE 11: INT. UNDERGROUND CAVE**

(FX: FADE UP. ECHOEY ACOUSTIC SUGGESTING WE'RE FAR UNDERGROUND. FINAL ECHOES OF GREAT SUBTERRANEAN LANDSLIDE OF ICE SETTLING. A MOMENT'S PAUSE AND THEN LUMPS OF ICE BEING PUSHED OVER AS ACE SLOWLY, PAINFULLY DIGS HER WAY OUT.)

ACE:
Ohhh… Doctor? Doctor? Where are you?

(FX: HEAVY LUMP OF ICE BEING PUSHED OVER.)

DOCTOR:
Here. No need to shout, Ace. My ears are still ringing.

ACE:
Let me help you up.

DOCTOR:
Much appreciated. (HELPED UP) Ahhh…

ACE:
Where we are now, I couldn't begin to guess.

DOCTOR:
A long way underground. Swept clear of the glacier, certainly. Now, you should find a little something handy in the right-hand pocket of your anorak.

ACE:
Right-hand pocket. Okay. (RUMMAGING) Euggghhh!

DOCTOR:
No no no, that's a Yeti claw. Try the left-hand pocket.

ACE:
(RUMMAGING) Ah, gotcha. Torch! (FX: CLICKS TORCH ON)

DOCTOR:
Shine the light in this direction.

ACE:
Bare rock walls. So?

DOCTOR:
Yes, but the formation. Doesn't it strike you as being rather [odd-?]

(FX: FROM FAR AWAY IN CAVE, DOVEDAY'S CRY, ALTHOUGH SO DISTANT AND STRANGE WE SHOULDN'T BE SURE IT'S A HUMAN VOICE.)

DOVEDAY:
(DISTANT) Arahhhh — Aaaraahhhh — Arahhh… kahhh… kahhh-rahhhh…!!!

ACE:
What's that racket?

DOCTOR:
Coming from along there somewhere. (STEPPING FORWARD) Let's see if we can't track down what's making it.

ACE:
I knew you were going to say that.

DOCTOR:
Watch your feet!

DOVEDAY:
(DISTANT) Kahhh… Kara! Ara — kuh… kharaa….!

(FX: FOOTSTEPS ON LOOSE ROCK AND ICE. FADE)

**SCENE 12: EXT. CITADEL**

(FX: STRANGE LOW 'MISTY' WIND.)

WHYTECRAG:
(WALKING TO HALT) Here we are again. The door awaits, Nurse Schofield.

HEX:
(SARCASM) Yeah. Brill.

CORBIN:
(APPROACHING) I'm begging you, Whytecrag — don't put the lad through it!

WHYTECRAG:
Come, Professor, where would the pursuit of knowledge be without occasional recourse to a guinea pig? (TO HEX) Take the key, Schofield.

HEX:
Tell your muscle to train their guns elsewhere first.

WHYTECRAG:
We'll see how long your bravado lasts on the other side of that door. Now, Corbin, show him what to do. Or I'll put a bullet through his head and make you use it.

HEX:
Give it a rest, will you? (TO CORBIN) Just show me, Prof. Go on.

CORBIN:
You… you slide your hand, your forearm, inside, almost as if it were a glove.

HEX:
What, like [this-?] (FX: LOW CRYSTALLINE GRINDING.) Aow! It's… it's tightening around me arm.

CORBIN:
Yes, the key is a living creature. It fits itself around the limb in question. It ought to be easing off a little now…?

HEX:
Yeah. A bit.

WHYTECRAG:
Why don't you stay with him, Professor? See he completes the procedure properly.

CORBIN:
I… I can't face it again.

WHYTECRAG:
You can face my bullet, if you'd prefer.

HEX:
Come on, Prof. Stick with me. The stench this lot gives off's a bit much for standing close to.

WHYTECRAG:
(MOVING OFF) The rest of you, behind those rocks there! Now!

(FX: FIGURES RUNNING OFF. HEX AND CORBIN STEPPING UP TO GATE.)

CORBIN:
Now here's the lock.

HEX:
Doesn't look like a lock. Mind, the door doesn't look like a door. More like a great row of twisted fangs, laid on end.

CORBIN:
The culture that produced this architecture created their buildings as… as caterpillars spin cocoons. Vomiting whole cities into being.

HEX:
That explains a lot about the design work.

CORBIN:
You, ah… slot the key in the… um… socket.

HEX:
Arm included?

CORBIN:
I'm afraid so.

HEX:
Alright, here goes nothing… (FX: LOW, SQUELCHY SOUND.) Ohhh, why do I feel like a vet in a cowshed?

CORBIN:
Now, you should feel a bit of a pull…

(FX: LOUDER SQUELCH!)

HEX:
A pull? It sucked my whole arm in!

CORBIN:
Don't worry, that's what's supposed to happen.

HEX:
Don't worry?!

CORBIN:
The building is a living thing. It's evaluating you and the key.

HEX:
What happens when it reaches a decision? (FX: LOUD SQUELCH!) OWWWW!!! Twisting me whole arm around…

CORBIN:
Yes, the mechanism wasn't designed for the ball and socket of the human shoulder joint.

(FX: SQUELCH!)

HEX:
Now the other way…

CORBIN:
It means it's accepted you.

(FX: SQUELCH!)

HEX:
I'm so flattered. How long before it rips me whole arm off? (FX: SQUELCH OF ARM BEING RELEASED.) At last, it's letting me arm go.

CORBIN:
The key should just – slide off.

HEX:
(SLIDING KEY OFF ARM) Yeah. Is that it, then-?

CORBIN:
Hardly.

(FX: DOOR BEGINS TO OPEN. RUSTLING HISSING BECOMING A ROAR.)

HEX:
The fangs. They're pulling apart!

CORBIN:
The door is opening. I'm so sorry, Nurse Schofield.

(FX: DOOR OPENING SOUND CEASES. FOR A MOMENT, NO SOUND BUT THE LOW MURMUR OF THE ICY WIND.)

CORBIN:
Nothing. Nothing. The door opened. But nothing happened.

HEX:
Well, that's a good thing, right…?

CORBIN:
Not necessarily… Now we have to go —

WHYTECRAG:
(FROM OFF, TO HIS MEN) Inside! All of you! The way's clear!

(FX: MANY FEET CHARGING FORWARD ON SNOW.)

**SCENE 13: INT. NEAR MOUTH OF CAVE**

(FX: A SHORT WAY OFF, SOUND OF ROCK SCRAPING AWAY AT STONE, PLUS DOVEDAY'S VOICE. FURTHER AWAY, FAINT SOUND OF WAVES ON SHORE. ACE AND DOCTOR'S STEPS APPROACHING, STOPPING.)

DOVEDAY:
(DISTANT) Araka — araka-hi…

ACE:
Doctor, up ahead…

DOCTOR:
Shhhh! (WHISPER) Whoever or whatever's making those sounds is just round the next bend.

ACE:
(WHISPER) So is what looks like daylight. Don't you think?

DOCTOR:
(WHISPER) Hence that peculiar shadow. Let's ease ourselves around this corner and see what's at the root of it.

ACE:
(WHISPER) If it's got more than one head, I quit.

DOCTOR:
(WHISPER) (STEPPING FORWARD) Just shine the torch around and -

DOVEDAY:
Ahhra-kah-takkkahhhh…- (SPOOKED) No! No!!! (FX: RUNS OFF)

ACE:
There it goes! Outside!

DOCTOR:
It? It was a man.

ACE:
Only glimpsed one head, so… yeah, I guess. Let's catch up and confirm the fact.

DOCTOR:
Wait. Wait! The cavern wall here. Look!

ACE:
It's just — I dunno, words?

DOCTOR:
Words like those he was muttering to himself. Scraped into the cave wall with a sharp-edged stone.

ACE:
(READING) Ar… kih… What is it? Eskimo?

DOCTOR:
No Inuit language, no.

ACE:
Oh, right. Alien.

DOCTOR:
More than alien, Ace. This is language that should not be spoken. Language that predates known history. Language of the Old Times. (GRIMLY) Let's go.

(FX: THEIR STEPS HURRYING AWAY. FADE)

**SCENE 14. INT. CITADEL ENTRANCEWAY/PASSAGE**

(FX: MANY FOOTSTEPS RUNNING ONTO SOLID FLOOR OF INTERIOR. IN THIS, AS IN ALL CITADEL INTERIORS, LOTS OF ECHO, PLUS CONSTANT LOW-LEVEL AMBIENT SOUNDS TO SUGGEST THE 'BREATHING' OF THE WALLS.)

WHYTECRAG:
Let's get those flares lit, Slade!

SLADE:
Yes, sir!

(FX: SEVERAL HAND-HELD FLARES BEING IGNITED.)

KINNEY:
(SCREAMING!!!!!)

WHYTECRAG:
Who was that? Slade!

SLADE:
Kinney! Calm down, man!

KINNEY:
Look, sir, all around us!

CORBIN:
(WALKING FORWARD) Yes, yes! The thousand eyes in the dark!

HEX:
They're like… fish eyes. Growing out of the wall.

CORBIN:
I told you, this whole structure is a living thing. Here, among the eyes —

HEX:
… mouths?

CORBIN:
Those curling sockets, they're a form of ear. Now the text would have it that…

(FX: FLICKING THROUGH PAGES.)

WHYTECRAG:
Here we are, Professor. "… and the monstrous eyes glowering from the ebon-dark of that cyclopean architecture demanded sight of the pages of the necromantic text which had led me thus far…" Here you go, Corbin. Show the eyes our sacred text.

HEX:
What *is* that book?

WHYTECRAG:
Its contents can roughly be translated as 'none of your damned business'.

CORBIN:
Now… (FX: FLICKING PAGES) "Likewise, the ears of that labyrinthine brain had to hear the arcane incantation of entry…" Let me see, yes… "Mor'eftsa oak-arya!" and, um, "those cacodemoniacal mouths demanded a taste of human blood."

WHYTECRAG:
Blood, yes. Slade, a little cut to this Hex fellow's hand.

HEX:
Get off!

CORBIN:
Leave him! My blood's good enough. And I have only myself to blame for being here. — Knife, Slade!

SLADE:
Here…

CORBIN:
Thank you. Take the book. Now, I'm hoping the place will be satisfied with just a little - (CUTTING HIMSELF, PAINED) — sip, so to speak.

(FX: SLAVERING SOUND FROM "MOUTH".)

HEX:
Watch yourself, Prof.

CORBIN:
This shouldn't be too dangerous. That's if I've interpreted the… uggghhh… text correctly.

(FX: HISSING, SLIMY SOUND OF FLOOR OPENING: A BIT LIKE PREVIOUS EFFECT OF DOOR OPENING.)

SLADE:
There, sir — the floor! Opening up!

WHYTECRAG:
The entrance to a tunnel! You, lad, take the lead again!

CORBIN:
No! Wait!

WHYTECRAG:
I've waited long enough! And the dreamers have waited centuries more! We're going! Now!

SLADE:
(TO HEX) You heard the man! Get down there!

HEX:
Alright, alright, I'm going! (FX: SQUELCHY FOOTSTEPS DESCENDING.) Uuurgh, pretty slimy coming down.

CORBIN:
Give the boy some light.

WHYTECRAG:
Slade!

SLADE:
Sir!

(FX: ANOTHER FLARE LIT AND THROWN, BOUNCING AND ROLLING, DOWN PASSAGEWAY.)

WHYTECRAG:
Well? What can you see?

HEX:
Nothing. The passage just leads into – dark.

WHYTECRAG:
Bring the men through, Slade-!

SLADE:
Go on then, the lot of yer!

(FX: SLADE'S MEN MOVING OFF INTO PASSAGE)

WHYTECRAG:
(FOLLOWING) Follow me, Corbin.

CORBIN:
(WALKING) This is – this is madness!

WHYTECRAG:
Madness, or death – for the unworthy, maybe. For such as myself… a whole new form of sanity, perhaps. (TO SLADE) All the men through, Slade?

SLADE:
Last man coming through now, sir. –

CORBIN:
Look! The entranceway!

(FX: SOUND OF THE OPENING ABOVE CLOSING SWIFTLY WITH THE SAME SORT OF SLIMY SOUND AS IT MADE OPENING.)

HEX:
(COMING BACK TO MEET THE OTHERS) Hey, what's happening?

CORBIN:
I warned you, Whytecrag! The place itself has sealed us in!

WHYTECRAG:
Then there's only one way to go, gentlemen!

(FX: FROM SOMEWHERE FAR BELOW, ANOTHER WEIRD WAILING SOUND.)

HEX:
Towards that, in other words…

WHYTECRAG:
Lead the way, Mr Hex!

HEX:
What *is* that? Professor?

CORBIN:
The sound of some alien nightmare. A nightmare we'll all be made to share!

(FX: THE WAILING SOUND GROWS LOUDER.)

**END OF PART ONE**

**PART TWO**

**REPRISE: INT. PASSAGEWAY**

*CORBIN:*
*I warned you, Whytecrag! The place itself has sealed us in!*

*WHYTECRAG:*
*Then there's only one way to go, gentlemen!*

*(FX: FROM SOMEWHERE FAR BELOW, ANOTHER WEIRD WAILING SOUND.)*

*HEX:*
*Towards that, in other words…*

*WHYTECRAG:*
*Lead the way, Mr Hex!*

*HEX:*
*What is that? Professor?*

*CORBIN:*
*The sound of some alien nightmare. A nightmare we'll all be made to share!*

*(FX: THE WAILING SOUND GROWS LOUDER.* FADE)

**SCENE 15: EXT. BEACH**

(FX: WAVES ROLLING IN. ARCTIC BIRDS IN SKY.)

DOVEDAY:
(FX: SCRATCHING PENCIL — HE'S WRITING) "…and grey roll the waves,
Those dull hues breaking
Into bright white peaks…
Just as… as sombre souls
Can suddenly break into
A blaze of brightest hope,
Roused by the seagull's call,
The… um… beauty of the beach's…" something…

ACE:
(FX: APPROACHING ON SHINGLE) Hello? — Hello?

DOVEDAY:
"Beach's… bright-lit"… — What?

DOCTOR:
Hello there!

DOVEDAY:
Uh — excuse me, you are, I'm sorry, who?

DOCTOR:
The Doctor. And this is [Ace-]

ACE:
Doctor McShane.

DOVEDAY:
Doctors? Oh, I see. I heard we were due one new recruit, at least, after the disappearance of you-know-who. When did you get here?

DOCTOR:
Oh, just today.

DOVEDAY:
How?

ACE:
Oh, you-know-how.

DOCTOR:
We *did* get a little lost. Found our way into that cave.

DOVEDAY:
Oh yes?

ACE:
A little scary in there.

DOVEDAY:
You're telling me.

DOCTOR:
Been in there yourself, have you?

DOVEDAY:
Never more than a few steps. Before hurrying straight out.

ACE:
Why? Saw something you didn't like?

DOVEDAY:
Only, I dare say, in my overactive imagination. I used to write horror tales for a living. So I'm the sort of fellow least well advised to go wandering into such a place.

DOCTOR:
Then you weren't wandering around in there a moment ago?

DOVEDAY:
Oh dear me, no. I've been sat here some while, letting my mind drift with the spray off the waves, struggling to fill the pages of my notebook. I'm often seized by a need to scribble down my thoughts. As the only way of making sense of them.

ACE:
What are you writing? A horror story?

DOVEDAY:
Heaven forbid! Heaven or the Institute, at the very least.

DOCTOR:
Ah, yes. The Institute. The collection of buildings on the cliff path above, I presume-?

ACE:
What buildings-? (DOUBLE-TAKE) Oh, yeah!

DOVEDAY:
I'm under strict orders to refocus my slender talent on more upbeat literary endeavours. Whenever I come up with anything particularly lightweight and untroubling, Doctor Gabriel encourages me to read it out to the patients. You've met Doctor Gabriel?

DOCTOR:
Doctor Gabriel? Oh yes, splendid chap.

DOVEDAY:
Chap? I'd scarcely have called her *that*.

ACE:
Oh, the Doctor here, he's very old school. Can't get used to us women getting in on the act.

DOVEDAY:
Well, if Doctor Gabriel is anything to go by, there ought to be more ladies doing her job. She certainly cured me.

DOCTOR:
Cured… yet still with the Institute?

DOVEDAY:
Well, I'm showing my gratitude by working for her here as her assistant, a sort of psychiatric factotum. The name's C.P. Doveday, by the way.

DOCTOR:
(FAINT RECOGNITION) Doveday?

DOVEDAY:
Call me C.P., please. It stands for Clarence Penrose, but neither name strikes me as particularly aesthetic.

DOCTOR:
Oh yes, of course. I've read something of yours before, haven't I?

DOVEDAY:
I hope not. Confronted with my previous literary endeavours, a less liberal head shrinker than Doctor Gabriel might reach for the strait-waistcoat.

ACE:
Don't worry, the Doctor here is more interested in expanding minds than shrinking heads.

DOCTOR:
Quite. Alas, our two heads together have failed to work out the best route from the beach here up to the Institute.

DOVEDAY:
Well, it's not a place, I suppose, that advertises its presence. Come, I'll show you the way. Any excuse to give up writing tenth-rate poetry for the day. Follow me.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS MOVING AWAY ACROSS SHINGLE.)

ACE:
(UNDER HER BREATH) Doctor…? Sticking out of his pocket there… that isn't a rock, is it?

DOCTOR:
You mean like the one that might have scraped out those words on the cavern wall? Quite conceivably.

(FX: SHIFT PERSPECTIVE TO:)

**SCENE 16: EXT. TOP OF CLIFF**

(FX: BEACH SOUNDS, NOW HEARD FROM MUCH FURTHER AWAY. WHINING OF OLD-FASHIONED SHORT WAVE RADIO.)

AKINS:
Akins on look-out, calling Doctor Gabriel. Look-out calling — Doctor Gabriel? Yes, uh, we have a problem. A couple of strangers just showed up on the beach and made contact with our Mr Doveday. All three now making their way up the cliff. The two newcomers are in close proximity to Doveday, so advise caution. Repeat: advise caution.

**SCENE 17: INT. CITADEL – DESCENT TO BONE TUNNEL**

SLADE:
(APPROACHING DOWN TUNNEL, TOWARDS REAR) Careful, men – the descent gets steep here!

HEX:
(WALKING) At least there's a bit more light down this way, Prof. Where it's coming from, I don't know. Seems to be glowing all along the walls.

CORBIN:
(WALKING) Yes, some sort of phosphorence. The sort of thing produced by the decay of certain marine animals.

(FX: HEX CRUNCHES OVER BONES.)

HEX:
Talking of decaying animals…

(FX: REST OF GROUP DRAWING NEAR.)

WHYTECRAG
(APPROACHING) What *is* all this?

HEX:
Bones. Filling the whole tunnel.

WHYTECRAG:
Bones?

CORBIN:
Discarded from bygone feasts. (FX: RATTLE OF CORBIN INSPECTING BONES.) This here is plainly walrus. The avian skulls can only be penguin. And this, along here…

HEX:
(SPOTTING HUMAN SKULL) Oh, wait a minute…

CORBIN:
Blue whale, most likely.

HEX:
Here, Prof… I know a human skull when I see one.

CORBIN:
Eskimo, almost certainly.

WHYTECRAG:
The detritus from a few fish and Arctic aborigines. This is not what we're here for. (FX: FLICKING PAGES) Let us return to the text.

CORBIN:
Never mind the text, Whytecrag! These bones are a reminder of the power we're dealing with.

HEX:
What power?

WHYTECRAG:
If it takes a citadel as vast as this to contain such power, Nurse Schofield, how could space possibly be made for it within that head of yours?

HEX:
You'd be surprised.

WHYTECRAG:
Would I? How?

HEX:
I might just be the person here with the most experience of this sort of thing. Now you've gone and murdered my friends, anyhow. So why don't you give us a look at that precious text of yours?

WHYTECRAG:
It would be unbecoming for such a document to be marred by the thumbprints of a scruffy interloper.

CORBIN:
Let him see, Whytecrag. It's unfair not to prepare him.

WHYTECRAG:
No!

CORBIN:
You and I were supposed to be collaborators. Equals! My opinion in the matter ought to count for at least as much as yours.

WHYTECRAG:
You and I, Professor — equals? I confess I had need of a fly on the Institute's walls. But in no sense could that fly be my equal.

CORBIN:
How dare you — in the face of all I have undergone — I ought to tear that damned text to shreds! Give me it!

(FX: STRUGGLE BETWEEN WHYTECRAG AND CORBIN.)

WHYTECRAG:
Get off! Slade — help me!

CORBIN:
There! (THROWING BOOK) Hex — take it!

HEX:
(CATCHING BOOK) Got it!

WHYTECRAG:
Slade!

SLADE:
Give that back!

HEX
(TURNING PAGES)  Let me just see… (BEAT; READING) What?!?

SLADE:
Give it — BACK!

(FX: SLADE PUNCHES HEX.)

HEX:
Oof!

CORBIN:
Leave him, you thug! (BEAT) Are you [alright?]

HEX:
(WINDED) I'm fine, Prof. Live to fight another day.

SLADE:
(RETURNING BOOK) Here you are, sir. Not too many thumbprints.

HEX:
I don't understand, Whytecrag. I thought it was some ancient mystic text you had there.

WHYTECRAG:
Mystic, yes. Ancient, not quite.

HEX:
It's just some cheesy old horror magazine in a posh binder. "Shuddersome Tales". What's that story it was open at? 'The Icy Something of the Monster Somethings…'

CORBIN:
'In The Icy Citadel Of The Monstrous Gods'. By —

HEX:
I saw. C.P. Doveday. Who the hell is C.P. Doveday?

CORBIN:
At the risk of hyperbole, I'd say he was the most dangerous man on the planet. If man he is.

**SCENE 18: INT. INSTITUTE HALLWAY**

(FX: TICKING CLOCK. DOOR OPENS.)

DOVEDAY:
Come in. Just through here.

DOCTOR:
This looks cosy, Mr Doveday. Quite a contrast to the exterior.

DOVEDAY:
Out there, the place looks like a military bunker. (FX: CLOSES DOOR) But in here, we try to make it a good deal more 'homey' for the patients.

ACE:
And where are the patients?

DOVEDAY:
The work here is rather experimental. Hence the need for a degree of secrecy. Oh, Doctor Gabriel!

FREYA:
(APPROACHING) Hello there, C.P. Brought a couple of new arrivals, I see.

DOVEDAY:
Yes. Two of your colleagues. Doctors McShane and, um…

DOCTOR:
Hope we've not caught you on the hoof dropping in like this.

FREYA:
Not at all. I'm Doctor Freya Gabriel, chief psychiatrist. You sound English. Can I interest you in a cup of tea?

ACE:
After the morning we've had, you bet.

DOCTOR:
I'd be more interested in a tour of your Institute, secrecy permitting.

FREYA:
I'm sure you would. — (BEAT) Feeling better, C.P.?

DOVEDAY:
Yes, apologies for my funny turn earlier. Don't know what came over me. I *did* find myself scribbling another poem on my favourite rock, if you'd like to see-? (FX: NOTEPAD PULLED FROM DOVEDAY'S POCKET.) It's not terribly good. Somewhat sentimental.

FREYA:
That's not a sin in poetry, despite what the bohemians you left behind in New York might say. You should read it to the patients at our next group session. Now — you're looking a little tired. Why don't you go and lie down?

DOVEDAY:
I thought —

FREYA:
Yes?

DOVEDAY:
Since Doctor McShane sounded so keen on that cup of tea, I thought I might serve it up in the sun lounge, show off the view from up there.

FREYA:
I really think a nap would be a good idea after such a stressful morning.

DOVEDAY:
All the more reason to have a pleasant afternoon, surely? And it's not like I'm a patient here, after all.

FREYA:
Of course not.

DOVEDAY:
I'm here to help, of my own free will. And of my own free will, I'd like to take Doctor McShane upstairs to the sun lounge.

ACE:
If it's a problem, I…

DOVEDAY:
Please!

FREYA:
Whatever you like, C.P. You know how important it is to me that you feel happy, settled and at home here.

DOVEDAY:
Oh, I do. I haven't felt more at home anywhere else, in the longest time. — Doctor McShane? The sun lounge is this way?

ACE:
Thank you.

DOCTOR:
Take care, Doctor McShane.

ACE:
(MOVING OFF) I will if you will.

FREYA:
A tour, then, Doctor…?

DOCTOR:
Yes.

FREYA:
Come with me.

**SCENE 19: INT. INSTITUTE CORRIDOR**

(FX: DOVEDAY AND ACE WALKING ALONG CORRIDOR.)

DOVEDAY:
It *is* lovely in the sun lounge. The view through the windows is a rest cure in itself.

ACE:
Good, good. There were one or two things I was hoping to ask you about this island…?

(FX: EXTERNAL DOOR OPENS. BIT OF EXTERIOR ACOUSTIC AS AKINS ENTERS AND CLOSES THE DOOR.)

DOVEDAY:
Hello there, Mr Akins. Bracing out there, hmm?

AKINS:
C.P. Where are you off to?

DOVEDAY:
Oh, just upstairs to the sun lounge.

AKINS:
You have company.

DOVEDAY:
Yes, this is Doctor McShane…

ACE:
Hi.

AKINS:
You have authorisation, C.P.?

DOVEDAY:
Authorisation?

AKINS:
From Doctor Gabriel. Authorisation to go wandering about the place with a complete stranger?

DOVEDAY:
With a Doctor, here to help us. And Doctor Gabriel *did* authorise our going upstairs, if authorisation were needed.

AKINS:
You're a Doctor?

ACE:
Yes.

AKINS:
Prove it.

ACE:
What do you want me to do? Saw your leg off, or offer a Freudian analysis of your suspicious mind?

AKINS:
Simpler still, why don't we go to Doctor Gabriel's office?

DOVEDAY:
You're being somewhat high-handed for a hospital orderly, Akins.

AKINS:
I'm doing my job. Now come on, 'Doctor'.

ACE:
Aow!

DOVEDAY:
Get off her! (STRUGGLING WITH AKINS) I won't stand by and watch you ill-treat a —

AKINS:
Get offa me, you nut!

DOVEDAY:
(FX: THROWN TO FLOOR.) Oof!

ACE:
C.P.!

AKINS:
Oh no…

DOVEDAY:
(GETTING UP) You… you hurt my elbow.

AKINS:
I'm sorry. Forgive me. (BEAT) I'm sorry, okay?!?

DOVEDAY:
Idiot!

ACE:
Come on, C.P. Why don't you show me that view…?

**SCENE 20: INT. BONE TUNNEL**

(FX: HEX, CORBIN, WHYTECRAG, ETC. STRUGGLING THROUGH BONES LITTERING TUNNEL. A MUFFLED ROARING, HOWLING SOUND.)

HEX:
What's that, Prof? More bad dreams for whatever's down there?

CORBIN:
Dreams? I'm not so sure… (FX: A SHARPER ROAR FROM THE SAME DISTANCE.) It rather sounds as if they might have woken up!

(FX: FIERCEST ROAR YET!)

WHYTECRAG:
They *are* awake.

CORBIN:
Do you realise what that means, Whytecrag? I do. Oh, one can read Doveday's words upside down and inside out and it still can't prepare you for… No. No. I shan't face it again. I can't! Hex, come with me. We're going back!

WHYTECRAG:
Calm down.

SLADE:
Should I shoot one of them, sir? To encourage the other, maybe?

WHYTECRAG:
Don't tempt me, Mr Slade.

CORBIN:
This is what it comes down to, eh, Whytecrag? Our grand talk of communication with the secret forces of the Universe? Threats from hired bully boys?

SLADE:
Hired soldier, if you don't mind!

HEX:
Bloody-minded mercenary, in other words.

SLADE:
Oh, I know all about blood, son. I fought a war when I was younger than you.

HEX:
Maybe I've been around more than you think.

SLADE:
Maybe I ought to take the butt of this rifle and knock some respect into you!

WHYTECRAG:
Gentlemen, you can dig trenches and fight it out later. What matters now is finding our way to all that those sweet voices promise.

**SCENE 21: INT. RECREATION ROOM**

(FX: SLIGHTLY OFF, PATIENTS PLAYING SHUFFLEBOARD — WHACKING PUCKS UP AND DOWN A WOODEN TABLE. A FEW CRIES OF 'OOH' AND 'AAAHH' AND 'GOOD SHOT' FROM PATIENTS.)

FREYA:
(ENTERING) And this, Doctor, is our recreation room — where, as you see, today's main event is shuffleboard.

DOCTOR:
Ah. Hitting pucks into the far end of the table.

FREYA:
Exactly, that's how they score. (CALLING TO PATIENTS) Hey, fellas, which team's winning?

PATIENT #1:
(OFF) We are!

DOCTOR:
Terribly therapeutic, I'm sure, Doctor Gabriel. I wonder — could we find a quiet spot to have a chat?

FREYA:
Certainly, Doctor, certainly… but let's just see how the other team responds.

(FX: PUCK WHACKED, FLYING OFF TABLE…)

DOCTOR:
(AS PUCK WHIZZES PAST HIS EAR) Mind!

(FX: PUCK CRASHES INTO FURNITURE.)

FREYA:
Sorry, Doctor! You have to look out when these boys are playing.

DOCTOR:
Evidently.

(FX: ANOTHER PUCK WHACKED CLEAN OFF THE TABLE, SMASHING SOMETHING ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE ROOM.)

FREYA:
Careful, boys!

DOCTOR:
They're not deliberately aiming those things at me, are they?

FREYA:
You're sounding a little paranoid, Doctor. Maybe you should check in here for a month or two. — (ALOUD) Why don't a couple of you fellows help the Doctor to a seat and a glass of water?

DOCTOR:
No, honestly, I think I'd better… better reunite myself with my companion.

(FX: ANOTHER PUCK WHACKED THE DOCTOR'S WAY!)

FREYA:
Whoops! Doesn't look like they want you to go that way either. — Gentlemen, let's take the Doctor somewhere he can feel a little more comfortable.

PATIENT #1:
Come with us, Doctor.

PATIENT #2:
We know the way.

PATIENT #1:
To the cosiest little padded cell!

DOCTOR:
Now hold on…

(FX: ANOTHER PUCK WHACKED ACROSS THE ROOM.)

FREYA:
Get him!

(FX: STRUGGLE AS PATIENTS SEIZE DOCTOR.)

DOCTOR:
What — Doctor Gabriel!

FREYA:
That's right, bring the strait-jacket! Quickly! And gag him if you must!

DOCTOR
(STRUGGLING) The lunatics, I see, have taken over the —
(GAGGED, MUFFLED) [asylum!]

FREYA:
Not lunatics, 'Doctor', if doctor you are. The sanest of the sane. As for you, we'll reserve judgement on that. — Take him to cell number three!

(FX: STRUGGLING DOCTOR BEING DRAGGED AWAY.)

**SCENE 22: INT. BONE TUNNEL**

(FX: ANOTHER RUMBLING ROAR.)

CORBIN:
It's the Song of the Sirens, Whytecrag! Luring us to our destruction!

WHYTECRAG:
Nothing that matters to me will be destroyed. I'll see to it. And nothing opposing me will stand. I'll see to that too.

CORBIN:
I'd better make *my* stand now, then! (RUSHING) Come on, Hex!

HEX:
With you, Prof!

WHYTECRAG:
Slade!

SLADE:
(BARRING CORBIN'S WAY) No you don't!

(FX: THREE WAY STRUGGLE: CORBIN, SLADE, HEX.)

CORBIN:
Get off me!

HEX:
Watch that rifle, Prof! — Get off him, you!

WHYTECRAG:
Slade — careful! I don't want Corbin shot, not yet!

SLADE:
Me shoot *him*? Look at the old boy! Get off [me-]

(FX: RIFLE DISCHARGES ACCIDENTALLY)

SLADE:
(SHOT IN LEG) Aahhh!!!

WHYTECRAG:
Slade!

SLADE:
(GASPING WITH PAIN) My leg —

CORBIN:
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to —

HEX:
It's alright, Prof, we know. Out of the way, Whytecrag, I've got to look at that leg. (BEAT) Whytecrag, you're in me way!

WHYTECRAG:
We have more pressing matters than a little flesh wound. (CALLING OFF) You men, gather arms!

SLADE:
Sir?!?

(FX: REST OF MEN STUMBLING FORWARD THROUGH MASS OF BONES.)

CORBIN:
Leave him, Hex!

HEX:
That man's gonna bleed to death if I don't do something fast!

WHYTECRAG:
The Professor's right, Nurse Schofield. I'd run if I were you.

CORBIN:
(RUNNING) Run!

HEX:
(RUNNING) But that's towards —

CORBIN:
(RUNNING) It's away from them! Run!

WHYTECRAG:
(TO SOLDIERS) Fire at will!

(FX: SEVERAL RIFLES FIRING, SOUNDS ECHOING WILDLY.)

**SCENE 23: INT. SUN LOUNGE**

(FX: FADE UP. THROUGH GLASS, SEA AGAINST CLIFFS FAR BELOW.)

ACE:
You sure you're okay, C.P.?

DOVEDAY:
More or less. Tea, Doctor McShane? (FX: POURING TEA WITH SHAKING HANDS, RATTLING CROCKERY)

ACE:
Yeah, sure. Er, you still look a little… shaky?

DOVEDAY:
Oh, yes, I'm spilling it, amn't I? Sorry! …

ACE:
It's alright.

DOVEDAY:
… I'm just somewhat infuriated that you should be witness to such a display from the most officious orderly imaginable.

ACE:
Akins? He's hardly the first plonker I've met on my travels.

DOVEDAY:
The first…? British slang is dizzying in its intricacy. I just hope the tea will meet your standards. Shall I fetch some cookies? The patients make them themselves.

ACE:
No, no. C.P., listen… Someone I care for is in trouble, somewhere on this island.

DOVEDAY:
Someone you [care for-?]

ACE:
Long story. How much do you know about the island?

DOVEDAY:
I know the Institute and I know the beach below it. And I know the rest of the place is uncharted wilderness.

ACE:
You know that for a fact, do you?

DOVEDAY:
I know what I'm told.

ACE:
Well, pass me that cuppa and I'll tell you different.

**SCENE 24: INT. PADDED CELL.**

(FX: CELL DOOR UNLOCKED, OPENED.)

DOCTOR:
Ah, Doctor Gabriel… what a relief.

FREYA:
A relief, "Doctor"?

DOCTOR:
An itchy nose can be a serious problem to a man in a straitjacket.

FREYA:
You're in a straitjacket so I can step into this cell and feel safe. Of course, there *is* an armed guard outside, just to make me feel doubly secure.

DOCTOR:
Invite him in. If you're too grand to scratch my nose, maybe he will.

FREYA:
Rub it against the wall. The padding's nice and soft.

DOCTOR:
I noticed. I've bounced around it a few times. Just for the exercise, you understand.

FREYA:
Don't take it personally. As one of the more brilliant psychiatrists of my generation, I'm fully convinced you're not insane.

DOCTOR:
I wish I could say the same of your dainty little institution.

FREYA:
Our institution may not be quite the institution you take it to be. Just as I doubt you're any kind of doctor.

DOCTOR:
Oh, I'm a Doctor alright. And if I were you, I'd lower my tinpot defences for a moment or two while you hear my diagnosis of certain problems I've encountered on the far side of this island.

FREYA:
Such as?

DOCTOR:
Such as a bunch of paramilitary thugs attempting to break into a building even more funny-peculiar than this one.

FREYA:
Thugs?

DOCTOR:
Led by a fellow called Whytecrag.

FREYA:
A name new to me, Doctor. Assuming you didn't just make it up.

DOCTOR:
Here's another name for you. They have the technical assistance of a fellow who'd be more at home in this straitjacket than myself. A fellow named Corbin.

FREYA:
August Corbin?

DOCTOR:
We didn't get as far as first name terms. But there can't be many Corbins in the Alaskan phone book.

FREYA:
*Professor* August Corbin ran this Institution until he disappeared two months ago.

**SCENE 25: INT. CITADEL – SIDE TUNNEL**

(FX: HEX AND CORBIN RUNNING ALONG TUNNEL. ECHOING ALONG THE TUNNELS FROM NOT FAR AWAY, A BESTIAL HOWLING CRY.)

CORBIN:
(RUNNING TO HALT) Hear that, Hex? We're getting closer! Closer and closer to *them!*

HEX:
Them? As in who? Or what?

CORBIN:
The Lurkers! The dreamers in the dark!

HEX:
Listen, Prof, I need you to tell me straight –

SOLDIER:
(OFF) There they are!

(FX: GUNFIRE FROM FAR END OF TUNNEL, BULLETS RICOCHETING NEARBY.)

HEX:
Pillocks with guns! Now that I do understand! Prof, we've got to keep on!

(FX: THEY RUSH FURTHER FORWARDS. ANOTHER BURST OF GUNFIRE AT THEIR HEELS.)

**SCENE 26: INT. SUN LOUNGE**

ACE:
… and so there it was, looming out of that icy mist. It was like some kind of huge building, only it almost seemed to be made out of… (BREAKS OFF) C.P. — are you listening?

DOVEDAY:
The… um… the Coney Island hot dogs are something I vividly remember from my childhood holidays.

ACE:
The what?

DOVEDAY:
The tang of the mustard in the salt breeze. Of course, at home on Rhode Island, we were accustomed to more refined fare.

ACE:
C.P.?

DOVEDAY:
Ours being one of the most venerable and distinguished families in that small town sandwiched between forest and shore, the town of… oh, what was the name?

ACE:
C.P., are you alright?

DOVEDAY:
I see the ruddy hues of the forest leaves in the fall. Boughs bending, stressing, close to breaking, to… I do see them, don't I?

ACE:
C.P., right on the other side of this island, there are some seriously dangerous men and a possibly even more dangerous… (FX: CLICKING HER FINGERS) C.P.!

DOVEDAY:
My name is Clarence Penrose Doveday, author of… of… Here is a poem I wrote today. "The sea…" Something about the sea. "Grey sea, white-capped…" Something to do with hope… and high spirits…

ACE:
C.P.!

DOVEDAY:
Oh yes, C.P., yes, keep your spirits high, as someone once said — my mother, my venerable Mother? Or was it Doctor Gabriel, or… or that man who sold the hot dogs? The hot dogs that filled the venerable, vernal woods on days when the salt air, the salt air…

ACE:
You are seriously freaking me out!

DOVEDAY:
Waves crash, crash, smash at the shore, tear at the boundaries, the coastal defences, I…

(FX: SMASHES TEACUP ACCIDENTALLY.)

ACE:
Now look what you've done!

DOVEDAY:
Doctor McShane? My elbow hurts.

**SCENE 27: INT. PADDED CELL**

DOCTOR:
Corbin has a key, Doctor Gabriel. It doesn't look like a key, more like some strange crystalline structure. But a key's what he says it is.

FREYA:
That… that's not possible.

DOCTOR:
I've held it in my own hands.

FREYA:
There can't be two keys.

DOCTOR:
Two?

FREYA:
The key in question is kept here, at the Institute. Under the tightest security.

DOCTOR:
Overseen until recently, I suppose, by Professor Corbin.

FREYA:
Yes, yes, but… even so, I've checked on it since.

DOCTOR:
Why don't you check on it now?

**SCENE 28: INT. SIDE TUNNEL**

HEX:
(RUNNING TO HALT) Wait up, Prof. I think we've lost them.

CORBIN:
Are — are you sure?

HEX:
Think they took another turn back there, to the right. Listen. (BEAT) Hear that? [Nothing —]

(FX: CUTTING OVER HEX'S SPEECH, DISTANT BESTIAL SHRIEKINGS, ANSWERED BY BURSTS OF RIFLE FIRE — THE 'LURKERS' ATTACKING HEX & CORBIN'S PURSUERS.)

HEX:
Oh, hey — what's happening there?

CORBIN:
I don't think we need worry about Whytecrag's thugs anymore.

HEX:
They're being — attacked?!?

(FX: A SOLDIER'S DYING CRY FROM OFF.)

CORBIN:
Yes. They must be suffering horrors unimaginable.

(FX: CROSSFADE FROM THE ATTACK STILL SOUNDING FROM OFF — MORE AND MORE SCREAMS, FEWER AND FEWER GUNSHOTS — TO:)

**SCENE 29: INT. BONE TUNNEL**

(FX: FADE UP ANOTHER 'OFF' PERSPECTIVE ON THE ATTACK, SOUNDING FROM OFF.)

SLADE:
(BEING HELPED ALONG) Mr Whytecrag… Sir! Up ahead, the men…

WHYTECRAG:
Yes, it does sound like they've run into trouble.

SLADE:
We have to get to them, help them… (WINCES)

WHYTECAG:
Careful, Slade. Doubt you can stand without my help.

SLADE:
I think… I think maybe we ought to consider returning to the surface.

WHYTECRAG:
What? After we've come this far?

SLADE:
Sir?

WHYTECRAG:
Besides, you're losing a fair amount of blood. Do you really think you can make it?

SLADE:
I… I can try, sir. Fought my way out of tight corners in the past.

WHYTECRAG:
But for all of us there's always, one day, one corner that's just a little too tight. (RELEASING SLADE) Why don't you rest here, Slade? Until the bleeding stops?

(FX: SLADE COLLAPSES ON FLOOR. DIN OF ATTACK FURTHER UP TUNNEL HAS DIED AWAY BY THIS POINT.)

SLADE:
You're not leaving me here? Mr Whytecrag?!?

WHYTECRAG:
You've been a great help to me, Slade. Stay here, and you can be a greater help still.

(FX: OMINOUS HOWL FROM OFF)

SLADE:
Sir – that sound. It's coming towards us!

WHYTECRAG:
No. It's coming towards you. (MOVING OFF) Farewell, Slade. And remember… you're helping to make the world a better place.

(FX: WHYTECRAG'S STEPS HURRYING OFF.)

SLADE:
Mr Whytecrag! Please-!!!

**SCENE 30: INT. CORRIDOR**

(FX: FREYA WALKING BRISKLY DOWN CORRIDOR.)

AKINS:
(RUSHING UP BEHIND) Dr Gabriel! Dr Gabriel!

FREYA:
(STOPPING) What is it, Akins?

AKINS:
Where've you been? I've been looking everywhere!

FREYA:
Questioning this "Doctor". What's the matter, Akins?

AKINS:
I thought you ought to know. A little while back, I — I had an altercation with Doveday.

FREYA:
What sort of altercation?

AKINS:
It got a little… physical.

FREYA:
(ALARMED) You idiot, Akins! You should know better than to antagonise him! (BEAT) Where is he now?

AKINS:
Upstairs, I think. With that Dr McShane. You don't think he might — hurt her…?

FREYA:
Follow me! (FX: THEY RUSH OFF)

**SCENE 31: INT. SUN LOUNGE**

ACE:
C.P.? Are you alright? C.P.?

(FX: LOW, EERIE SOUND EFFECT SUGGESTVE OF SOME SLOW TRANSFORMATION BEGINNING IN DOVEDAY'S FLESH.)

DOVEDAY:
(SOTTO, LOST IN HIS THOUGHTS.) I hear… I hear trees rustle in the fall. Leaves red, blood-red. Something's calling me, from the dark of the forest. The deep, dark, forest… No!!! (FX: VOICE DISTORTING WEIRDLY BY THIS POINT.) I hear it! I hear!!!

**SCENE 32: INT. BONE TUNNEL**

(FX: SLOW APPROACH ALONG TUNNEL OF SOME GREAT WEIGHTY CREATURE: WE HEAR ITS ROUGH BREATHS.)

SLADE:
(TERRIFIED, CRYING OUT) Whytecrag? It's coming for me. Can you hear me, Whytecrag? It's coming! Saints have mercy, it's coming!

(FX: A SINGLE ROARING HISS FROM THE CREATURE)

**SCENE 33: INT. SUN LOUNGE**

(FX: SERIOULY WEIRD TRANSFORMATION SOUNDS COMING FROM DOVEDAY.)

DOVEDAY:
Disturb my sleep, would you? Call me from the depths?!?

ACE:
C.P.! What's happening to you?!

DOVEDAY:
Well, here I am! Here we are! ***AWAKE!!!***

(FX: THIS LAST WORD DISTORTING INTO SOMETHING LIKE A BESTIAL ROAR, VERY LIKE WHAT WE HEARD AT THE END OF THE LAST SCENE.)

**END OF PART TWO**

**PART THREE**

**REPRISE:**

*(FX: SERIOULY WEIRD TRANSFORMATION SOUNDS COMING FROM DOVEDAY.)*

*DOVEDAY:*
*Disturb my sleep, would you? Call me from the depths?!?*

*ACE:*
*C.P.! What's happening to you?!*

*DOVEDAY:*
*Well, here I am! Here we are!* ***AWAKE!!!***

*(FX: THIS LAST WORD DISTORTING INTO SOMETHING LIKE A BESTIAL ROAR, VERY LIKE WHAT WE HEARD AT THE END OF THE LAST SCENE.)*

(CONTINUES INTO:)

**SCENE 34: INT. SUN LOUNGE**

DOVEDAY:
Leap… leap for the… *Koravanga*! Spring, catch, claw, rend… tear… teach the sanctity… *Olafanya!* … of the precincts of the Gods, the Ancients, the… — *Yih - kairro-pass! Tivir-kaal! Mos-krep-an-yeee!*

ACE:
I don't understand. C.P.! *C.P.!*

DOVEDAY:
Get away! Don't…!

ACE:
Listen to me! I'm going to take your hand.

DOVEDAY:
Take your —? You? So… so beautiful? No. No!

ACE:
I'm going to take your hand, and you're going to look me in the eye. And you're going to calm down. OK —

(FX: DOVEDAY'S VOICE BEGINS CREEPING BACK TOWARDS 'NORMALITY'.)

DOVEDAY:
Your hand… so soft… so warm… so human.

ACE:
At the very least. Feel any better?

DOVEDAY:
Yes. Yes. Your touch, so tender. When was I last held so? Was I ever? This… this is real. The rest… Down! Down! Back into the dark! Sleep! Rest… Rest… (FX: VOICE WHOLLY NORMAL NOW.) — What's wrong? Are you… alright?

ACE:
Am *I* alright? C.P., what got into you?

DOVEDAY:
Got into *me*?

ACE:
For a moment, it almost looked as if… I don't know. I think you'd better tell me your story before I finish telling you mine.

(FREYA'S VOICE CRACKLING OVER LOUDSPEAKER.)

FREYA:
(D) Doctor Gabriel calling the sun lounge. C.P.? This is Doctor Gabriel. Are you up there?

DOVEDAY:
Whoops. I'm in trouble, sound of things.

ACE:
We need to talk. (GETTING UP, CROSSING ROOM) Balcony leads out onto the clifftop, right?

DOVEDAY:
Oh yes, but —

ACE:
(FX: RATTLING LOCKED DOOR) Locked. Right then, let's see what the ever-reliable kirby grip has to say about that.

(FX: ACE PICKING LOCK.)

DOVEDAY:
You really *are* a bad influence.

ACE:
You strike me, C.P., as a fella sorely in need of one.

DOVEDAY:
You're pretty dextrous there.

ACE:
They don't call me Ace for nothing.

DOVEDAY:
Ace? I thought you were Doctor McShane.

ACE:
Ace to my friends. Wanna be my friend?

DOVEDAY:
I'll risk it.

(FX: DOOR CLICKS OPEN. ACOUSTIC OF CLIFFTOP EXTERIOR AS HEARD THROUGH DOORWAY.)

-

ACE: There! Talk about low tech. (FX: SUDDENLY VERY 1930s KLAXON.) Well, maybe not completely prehistoric. Come on!

(FX: THEY EXIT… JUST AS FREYA AND AKINS COME RUSHING IN)

FREYA:
(SWIFT APPROACH) C.P.! Come back! Wait! —

AKINS:
(SWIFT APPROACH) They won't get far. I'll have every man in the place after them.

FREYA:
How many times does it have to be drummed into your soldier-boy skulls — his composure cannot be disturbed in any way! I just hope you haven't triggered something already!

**SCENE 35: INT. SIDE TUNNEL**

(FX: CITADEL AMBIENCE, BUT OTHERWISE THINGS HAVE GONE QUIET…)

HEX:
Prof? Professor Corbin?

CORBIN:
What? What? Just… listening.

HEX:
It's all gone quiet down there.

CORBIN:
They must have calmed him down, back at the Institute.

HEX:
Eh? Calmed who down?

CORBIN:
A very dangerous man. Almost as dangerous as me.

HEX:
What makes you so dangerous?

CORBIN:
I thought – I hoped – if I served Whytecrag's lust for power, I might be rewarded with a little power of my own. Now here I huddle, with all the power of a mouse trapped in a wainscot, a housecat one end of the hole, a nest of panthers at the other. (DESPAIR) Oh, what's the point-?

HEX:
Survival.

CORBIN:
It's too late for that. Much too late.

HEX:
It's never too late. Listen – not so long ago, I saw one of those friends of mine come back from the dead. The actual dead!

CORBIN:
They're dead now. Your friends.

HEX:
I dunno. Maybe. Maybe him with the scythe was making a point. Death won't be cheated, you know? (BEAT) But still – with the Doctor, you can't ever be sure. That's why I'm surviving, Prof. Whatever it takes, I'm surviving!

(BEAT)

CORBIN:
There is… one thing we might do. Or attempt to do.

HEX:
Which is?

CORBIN:
Whytecrag is here to perform certain… rituals. Rituals he believes will give him absolute power over the world.

HEX:
So?

CORBIN:
We could catch up with him, prevent him doing what he's here to do.

HEX:
Well, let's do that, then.

CORBIN:
And if the only way is to kill him? Could you do that?

HEX:
Despite everything? Mate, that's a big ask. Sorry.

CORBIN:
You're an honourable young fellow. I, on the other hand, am already damned. (MOVING ON)

HEX:
Wait, Prof, wait!

(FX: HEX CHASING AFTER CORBIN.)

**SCENE 36: EXT. FOOT OF CLIFF**

(FX: ACE AND DOVEDAY SCRAMBLING DOWN CLIFF PATH. WAVES ROLLING IN ON SHINGLE. THE ODD SEAGULL CRY.)

ACE:
(STOPPING) You alright back there, C.P.?

DOVEDAY:
(FX: SCRAMBLING OVER WET ROCKS.) I must say, this is rather exciting. (STOPPING) You're not a doctor at all, are you, 'Ace'?

ACE:
No, but I'm terrific at second opinions. — (SUDDEN WARNING) Head down!

(FX: CLOSE BY SEVERAL BOOTED FEET RUNNING BY ON SHINGLE. WE HEAR 'PATIENTS' CALLING TO ONE ANOTHER.)

PATIENT #1:
(OFF) Over there! Check that way!

PATIENT #2:
(OFF) You guys! Follow me! Over here!

(FX: PATIENTS RUNNING OFF.)

DOVEDAY:
(SOTTO) Well, that's peculiar. Someone's issued rifles to the patients. I knew Doctor Gabriel's techniques were unorthodox, but honestly-!

ACE:
(SOTTO) Everything about that place is unorthodox. (NORMAL) 'Kay, they've gone.

DOVEDAY:
For now.

ACE:
There's a gap in the rocks, just ahead. I don't suppose —

DOVEDAY:
Oh yes, it leads on into the caves.

ACE:
Perfect. (MOVING OFF) C'mon. Mind how you go, it's all a bit [treacherous-]

DOVEDAY:
(FX: SLIPPING ON LOOSE ROCKS.) Owww!!!

ACE:
What did I just say? — You alright?

DOVEDAY:
Oh yes, fine. Just a little scrape to the leg. Oh dear, is that blood? I'm not fond of blood…

ACE:
Come on, into the caves.

(FX: SCRAMBLING ON ACROSS SHINGLE. CROSSFADE INTO:)

**SCENE 37: INT. CAVE**

(FX: WATER DRIPPING. STILL A FAINT SOUND OF WAVES ON THE BEACH FROM OUTSIDE.)

DOVEDAY:
(WALKING TO STOP) This far in we ought to be out of sight.

ACE:
Here, sit down. I'll look at that leg.

DOVEDAY:
(SITTING) Thank you. Will I live?

ACE:
Depends. You don't mind me ripping this trouser leg a little more than it's ripped already?

DOVEDAY:
So long as you rip gently.

(FX: SHORT RIP TO CLOTH.)

ACE:
Gentle enough?

DOVEDAY:
I'm still here.

ACE:
(STIFLED LAUGH) Oh, your long johns too.

DOVEDAY:
You're an uncommonly forward young lady, considering you're not a doctor.

ACE:
I hope it's not too much of a shock to your system.

DOVEDAY:
My system is used to shocks. This is a somewhat nicer one than those I've lived through in recent years.

ACE:
Tell me about it.

DOVEDAY:
It's not entirely by chance or vocation I've wound up as a helping hand for the mentally distressed.

ACE:
Oh no?

DOVEDAY:
No. The first steps on my pathway here were prompted by some mental distress of my own.

ACE:
Got a hankie?

DOVEDAY:
Sorry? Oh, a handkerchief? Here.

ACE:
Thanks. — Tell me more.

**SCENE 38: INT. PADDED CELL**

(FX: DOOR UNLOCKED, OPENING.)

DOCTOR:
Ah, Doctor Gabriel! That itch still needs scratching.

FREYA:
Akins, release him.

AKINS:
I – I don't think I should –

FREYA:
You're not paid to think. Go on.

DOCTOR:
(FX: STRAPS BEING UNDONE) There was a klaxon, a few moments ago. I don't suppose it had something to do with my colleague, Doctor McShane-?

AKINS:
Yeah, but where the heck did she take him?!?

FREYA:
Akins!

AKINS:
Sorry –

DOCTOR:
(FREE OF STRAPS) Oh, that's much better. Isn't it typical, my itch has gone. (HARDENING) Tell me this, Doctor Gabriel – is she safe?

FREYA:
Your colleague has absconded with our Mr Doveday. Which means 'no, not currently'. But we're working on getting them back.

DOCTOR:
Ah, yes, Mr Doveday. –

FREYA:
In the meantime – what was it you were saying about Corbin, and his key?

**SCENE 39: INT. CAVE**

(FX: CAVE ECHOES AND DRIPPINGS AS BEFORE.)

DOVEDAY:
I became an author. For the pulps.

ACE:
Pulps?

DOVEDAY:
The pulp magazines. *Shuddersome Tales*, *Uncanny Yarns*. Weird tales of cosmic horror, those were my specialty. Inspired by the visions filling my head, day and night.

ACE:
What sort of visions?

(FX: VERY FAINTLY, AS IF IN DOVEDAY'S HEAD, BEGIN TO FADE UP WHYTECRAG'S DIALOGUE FROM TOP OF SUBSEQUENT SCENE)

DOVEDAY:
Of the waking of ancient horrors from aeons past. — Is there somebody there?

ACE:
Sorry?

DOVEDAY:
Calling? Have they found us?

ACE:
I can't hear anyone.

DOVEDAY:
Can't you? Can't you hear… that?

ACE:
Hear what?

DOVEDAY:
That! Something… someone… speaking…

(FX: NOW CROSS FULLY TO:)

**SCENE 40: INT. CITADEL VAULT/BALCONY ABOVE**

[(FX: 'LURKERS' BREATHING IN THEIR SLUMBERS.)]

WHYTECRAG:
[… but it is beautiful, the work of destruction. Oh, the rage in you when wakened. Rage against the vermin that infest this planet. A rage so like mine, one that has made me as isolated as you.] So here you hang, my immense brethren. Forced into retreat by that traitor mind among you.

(FX: ONE OF THE LURKERS GIVING A LOW, ECHOING GROWL.)

But I am here to release you. By way of the words of the traitor himself. (FX: FLICKING THROUGH PAGES) Words that will win the traitor back. Listen! Listen-!!! Niyy — gon-yah — Porfarak — Ez-kar! …

(FX: CROSS TO A BALCONY ABOVE THE VAULT:)

WHYTECRAG:
(BELOW) … Emmes-katak — Parala — Nitra'mon!

HEX:
(CLOSE, SOTTO) There he is. Whytecrag. What is this place, Prof?

CORBIN:
(CLOSE, SOTTO) We must be overlooking the main vault.

HEX:
(CLOSE, SOTTO) Yeah, but what's he up to? What's all that mumbo-jumbo?

CORBIN:
(CLOSE, SOTTO) It's the primary incantation.

WHYTECRAG:
(BELOW) Een-yor-a-lop, Feel-alorop — Meezka!
Mosyep-nadar, Fees-kamar, Istadar!

(FX: LOW SUDDERING GROWLS FROM LURKERS BELOW)

HEX:
(CLOSE, SOTTO) Oh, hang about. There are things in there with him!

CORBIN:
(CLOSE, SOTTO) The Lurkers. The dreamers in the dark.

HEX:
(CLOSE, SOTTO) Big, aren't they? Suddenly I understand why that blue whale didn't stand a chance.

**SCENE 41: INT. CAVE**

(FX: AS BEFORE.)

ACE:
C.P., you okay?

DOVEDAY:
Okay? Maybe… Maybe I'm hearing things. Hearing things, seeing things. That was always my problem.

ACE:
Go on.

DOVEDAY:
Shivering in a Brooklyn café, I would see alien cities burning. Riding a streetcar, I would glimpse outside the whirl of distant galaxies. Alone, in my dingy apartment, I would sense shadows at my window. In the mirror, even… (BEAT) I had a kind of collapse, found my way into Doctor Gabriel's care. And she cured me, more or less.

ACE:
No offence, C.P., but you didn't exactly look cured back there, when you had that… that fit, or whatever it was.

DOVEDAY:
Fit?

ACE:
You don't remember?

DOVEDAY:
I… remember… (CGHANGING SUBJECT) Is it hot in here?

ACE:
C.P. — we're in a damp cave off the Alaskan coast.

DOVEDAY:
Hot all the same. My skin feels…

ACE:
Feels what?

DOVEDAY:
I don't know. My blood *was* red, wasn't it?

ACE:
C.P., are you sure this place isn't *making* you crazy?

DOVEDAY:
No, no, I told you — I'm cured.

ACE:
You don't sound cured.

DOVEDAY:
I think you need to leave me alone a little while.

ACE:
Leave you? C.P.?!?

DOVEDAY
(SUDDENLY HARSH, AGGRESSIVE TONE) Oh, you won't, will you? Maybe it's danger you find attractive. Well, here's danger for you now!

**SCENE 42: INT. CITADEL VAULT/BALCONY ABOVE**

WHYTECRAG:
(BELOW) Wake, then, Ancient Ones! Reclaim the world stolen from you!

(FX: FROM BELOW, SHRILL UNISON CRY FROM LURKERS.)

CORBIN:
(SOTTO, CLOSE) We've come too late. If only we had the golden key.

HEX:
(SOTTO, CLOSE) The what?

CORBIN:
(SOTTO, CLOSE) Something in an unpublished text I… appropriated. The crystal key for the earthly door, the golden for the galaxy's heart and the ocean's bed. You can see from here where… Oh, but what's the use?

(FX: SHIFT PERSPECTIVE TO BELOW:)

WHYTECRAG:
O brave new world, that hath such creatures in it! Here I stand before you, your awakener, your kin, your servant, your comrade! I share the rage that fills you. And I can show you where to feed it. — Up there, to begin with!

(FX: SHIFT PERSPECTIVE TO BALCONY:)

HEX:
Prof… is he pointing at us?

CORBIN:
I'm afraid so.

(FX: SHRILL CRY FROM APPROACHING LURKERS.)

CORBIN:
Run!

HEX:
Brilliant idea!

(FX: THEY RUN. CLOSER CRY FROM LURKERS.)

**SCENE 43. INT. CAVE**

(FX: AS BEFORE, BUT A STRANGE RESONANCE TO DOVEDAY'S VOICE.)

DOVEDAY:
There's a strength in me, suddenly, that could tear the core out of this planet. And bite the heart out of you… Ace.

ACE:
(FRIGHTENED) C.P. — whatever's got into you, you can control it…

DOVEDAY:
Frightened, are you? Suddenly there's a power in poor old Clarence Penrose Doveday that no-one would have imagined. A burning, raging power…

ACE:
C.P., I want to help you!

DOVEDAY:
(FX: NORMAL VOICE) No! No! It's too late! You have to go!!!

ACE:
Not without you. (SHE TAKES HIS HAND) Take my hand. Get a grip.

DOVEDAY:
Still you reach out for me, Ace-?

ACE:
Yes.

DOVEDAY:
I've not had overmuch acquaintance, I confess, with the fairer sex. They always seemed to me, in their loveliness, an altogether alien species. I dared not hope to cross the gap between my galaxy and theirs until… until today.

ACE:
Uh… right. Not quite what I had in mind…

DOVEDAY:
It's so lonely, Ace, here in the world of my mind, astray at the far edges of space and time.

ACE:
Well, I know all about being astray in space and time, C.P.

DOVEDAY:
You do?

ACE:
So maybe I can help where others have failed.

DOVEDAY:
Maybe… maybe you [can-] (ALARMED) No! Too late! Get away!

ACE:
What?

DOVEDAY:
Something else is reaching out to me. Waking to its fullest power, sinking its claws in… AAAAAHHHH!

ACE:
C.P.?

DOVEDAY:
(FX: RESONANCE AGAIN) Stay away from me, Doctor McShane. (FX: HE RUNS AWAY)

ACE:
C.P.! Where are you going? C.P.!!!

**SCENE 44: INT. SIDE TUNNEL**

(FX: HEX AND CORBIN RUNNING ALONG TUNNEL. LURKERS' SHRILL CRIES DRAWING CLOSE BEHIND.)

CORBIN:
(STOPPING, OUT OF BREATH) It's hopeless. I can't keep running.

HEX:
You have to, Prof! Listen! They're coming!

CORBIN:
That's right. They're coming and there's no escape. Not for us, nor anything human. This human, at least, deserves it!

HEX:
Prof! Prof! Listen to me! You're with me! With me! Which means you're not going to die just yet! Now come on!

CORBIN:
No, listen…

HEX:
I can't hear you for those things! Come — on!!!

(FX: THEY HURRY ON, BESTIAL SOUNDS PURSUING THEM.)

**SCENE 45: INT. FREYA'S OFFICE**

(FX: DOOR OPENS. FREYA ENTERS.)

AKINS:
(SHOVING DOCTOR) In!!!

DOCTOR:
(PUSHED IN) Thank you, Captain Akins.

FREYA:
(CROSSING ROOM) Please, Doctor, excuse the chaos of my office.

DOCTOR:
Not at all, Doctor Gabriel. I make it a point of principle never to trust anyone who keeps a tidy desk.

FREYA:
You trust me, then?

DOCTOR:
More than you trust me, else Akins here wouldn't still be breathing down my neck.

FREYA:
Stand easy, Akins.

AKINS:
(SURLY) Ma'am.

DOCTOR:
(TO FREYA) Good. But do you trust me enough to show me the crystal key I presume you keep in that safe-?

FREYA:
Yes. Yes, of course. — (FX: TURNING DIAL OF SAFE — FOUR NUMBERS, CLICK & TURN AFTER EACH)

AKINS:
No looking!

DOCTOR:
Quite right, Captain Akins. Not while the good doctor is inputting her safe's secret code… (FX: SAFE DOOR OPEN) (BEAT) One seven zero three.

AKINS:
How did you —

DOCTOR:
Eyes shut, ears wide open. It's all in the length of the turn.

FREYA:
Very perceptive, Doctor. (PASSING KEY) Here it is. Still in the safe, same as it ever was.

DOCTOR:
Ah. Yes. Professor Corbin's wondrous key.

(BEAT)

(FX: THE DOCTOR DROPS THE CRYSTAL KEY, WHICH SMASHES INTO TINY SHARDS.)

DOCTOR:
(INSINCERE) Whoops. Butterfingers!

FREYA:
What have you done-?!?

AKINS:
So much for trust. Let me fit him back in the straitjacket, then dump him in the Arctic Sea! —

FREYA:
No, no, no. Wait a minute. Corbin had the key tested. They established it was harder than diamond.

DOCTOR:
Whereas…?

FREYA:
… whereas what we're looking at here is little better than cut glass.

DOCTOR:
It's a fake, a forgery, bogus as a Mona Lisa with a moustache. Rigged up as cover for Corbin's theft of the real thing!

**SCENE 46: INT. CAVE**

(FX: ECHOES. WATERY DRIPPINGS.)

ACE:
(APPROACHING) C.P.? C.P.? Where — [are you?]

(FX: A BESTIAL CRY — VERY LIKE THOSE OF THE LURKERS, ONLY ON A SMALLER SCALE — ECHOES THROUGH THE CAVE FROM CLOSE AT HAND.)

ACE:
There you are.

(FX: AN INTENSE ANIMALISTIC BREATHING…)

ACE:
It's me. I only want to [help —]

DOVEDAY:
Lass-fert — Mee-yago — No-per-eye!
Nora'mert — Oga-yim — Lenta-righ!

(FX: SOUND OF RIPPING CLOTH.)

ACE:
C.P.? You — you're *changing…!*

**SCENE 47: INT. SIDE TUNNEL – SHAFT AREA**

(FX: HEX AND CORBIN RUNNING TOWARDS US. NOT FAR BEHIND, A BESTIAL KARNAS'KOI CHANT. ECHOES ON VOICES.)

KARNAS'KOI:
Lass-fert – Mee-yago – No-per-eye!
Nora'mert – Oga-yim – Lenta-righ!

HEX:
(STOPPING SHORT) Oh, you what?!? Bad news, Prof. We've run out of tunnel.

CORBIN:
I told you – hopeless.

HEX:
There's a shaft. No way over it, mind. -

KARNAS'KOI:
(SLOWING AS THEY APPROACH) Lass-fert – Mee-yago – No-per-eye!
[Nora'mert – Oga-yim – Lenta-righ!]

CORBIN:
(OVER:) The killing chant! Resign yourself, Hex. Make your peace with your maker, while you can. There'll be none for me.

HEX:
Hang about. There's something… yeah, something strung across the shaft. Stretched real thin.

CORBIN:
It's just a membrane. I told you, everything here is organic matter.

HEX:
Yeah, but will it take our weight? … (DETERMINEDLY) My guess is, it's worth a try.

KARNAS'KOI:
(CONTINUING TO ADVANCE) Lass-fert – Mee-yago – No-per-eye!
[Nora'mert – Oga-yim – Lenta-righ!]

(FX: CROSSFADE TO:)

**SCENE 48: INT. CAVE**

(FX: CAVE SOUNDS, PLUS DOVEDAY'S DISTORTED VOICE.)

DOVEDAY:
[Lass-fert — Mee-yago — No-per-eye!]
Nora'mert — Oga-yim — Lenta-righ! (EFFORT) Ace! You must go…!

ACE:
No way, C.P. Here. My hand… take it! Like before!

(FX: DOVEDAY'S VOICE DISTORTED AS HE SHIFTS BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN HIS OWN AND AN ALIEN FORM. SOMETHING LIKE A LOUD, DISTORTED HEARTBEAT AND A SOUND OF SHIFTING FLESH, TEARING CLOTH.)

DOVEDAY:
*Ny-gon-yah — Porfarak — Ezkar!* — No… no… Keep away!

ACE:
(HUGGING HIM) I've got you. You hear me? I've got you!

DOVEDAY:
*Emmes-katack — Parala — Nitra-mon!*

ACE:
And I'm not letting go!!!

DOVEDAY:
(FX: VOICE GROWING MORE 'NORMAL') Not… letting… go…

ACE:
There, see?

DOVEDAY:
Let me… rest. Free of all the… (SOBS.)

ACE:
That's it, C.P. Rest now.

DOVEDAY:
Rest. In your arms. Your arms…

**SCENE 49: INT. SIDE TUNNEL — SHAFT AREA**

(FX: SLIMY SOUNDS OF CRAWLING ACROSS THIN MEMBRANE. BESTIAL SOUNDS HAVE DIED AWAY.)

HEX:
Eughhh… As bridges go, it's not exactly the Kingsway. Watch yourself, Prof. It's slippery. (BEAT) Prof? You listening?

CORBIN:
Listening…? Yes. I can't hear the —

HEX:
Yeah, they've retreated.

CORBIN:
Yes, but why?

HEX:
Dunno about you, but I'm not hanging around to find out. Try and keep up, Prof. We're nearly there.

CORBIN:
I *am* trying. It's just… it's a long way down…

HEX:
Then don't look down!

WHYTECRAG:
(APPROACHING FROM OFF) Of course, a bullet would help you bridge the distance rather sooner.

HEX:
Oh, hey. That's all we need.

CORBIN:
Whytecrag!

WHYTECRAG:
That membrane looks awfully thin. (FX: COCKING PISTOL) One scratch in the surface, and it'll surely tear.

CORBIN:
No! Whytecrag! [Don't-!!!]

(FX: GUNSHOT. SHRIPPING OF MEMBRANE.)

HEX:
(UNBALANCED, STRUGGLING TO HOLD ON) Hold on, Prof! Hold on!!!

WHYTECRAG:
(LAUGHS)

CORBIN:
It's coming apart!

HEX:
It's OK, I've got a grip. Hold on! Take my hand and hold on!!!

CORBIN:
(EFFORT) Can't — can't reach…

HEX:
(EFFORT) Just gotta stretch a little further. That's all. —

CORBIN:
… no. You're a good man, Hex. And I have enough men's deaths on my conscience.

HEX:
No, no! Don't let go! Don't!!!

CORBIN:
(FX: FALLING INTO BOTTOMLESS SHAFT) Farewellllllllllllll —

HEX:
NOOOOOO!!!

WHYTECRAG:
Take your own advice, Nurse Schofield. Don't look down. If there's anything to see, it won't be pleasant.

HEX:
You maniac!

WHYTECRAG:
An enthusiast, certainly. 'Maniac's putting it rather strong. Now, why don't you make your way over to me?

HEX:
What, so you can shoot me?

WHYTECRAG:
Oh, I have something more interesting in mind for you…

**SCENE 50: INT. INSTITUTE – CORRIDOR/ELEVATOR**

(FX: FREYA, AKINS, THE DOCTOR WALKING QUICKLY)

FREYA:
… I still can't believe it. Corbin! Why would Corbin throw in his lot with this man 'Whitecliff'?

DOCTOR:
(CORRECTING HER) Whyte*crag*.

AKINS:
Whytecrag? Emerson Whytecrag?

DOCTOR:
(STOPPING) Yes, I believe that was it.

FREYA:
You know of this man, Captain Akins?

AKINS:
Whytecrag? The political guy? Sure.

DOCTOR:
Political?

AKINS:
Before I got this posting, I had a saner job in Washington. This Whytecrag guy, he was being kept under observation. Millionaire, with his own organisation –

DOCTOR:
What kind of 'organisation'?

AKINS:
Guess you'd call it white supremacist. The Ku Klux Klan with better tailoring, and one eye on Germany. Reckoned he could buy his way to the White House. He was a nut, no chance of real power.

DOCTOR:
I'd say his chances just got substantially better.

FREYA:
(TO AKINS) He's up to heaven knows what, over at the Citadel. I suggest you take your men there straightaway.

AKINS:
That place?!? But it's impregnable!

DOCTOR:
That's why he needed the key. (SOTTO) I only hope Hex kept it from him.

AKINS:
What a day. — (MOVING OFF) I get out of here, I'm gonna book myself a holiday in a nice normal nuthouse!

DOCTOR:
Doctor Gabriel. *Freya*. I should go with him. I have another friend out there on the ice, and I fear for his safety. —

FREYA:
Akins can deal with Whytecrag. It's Doveday's my greater concern.

DOCTOR:
Doveday? What about Doveday?

FREYA:
Through here, Doctor…

(FX: HEAVY ELEVATOR DOOR DRAGGED OPEN.)

DOCTOR:
An elevator? (STEPPING THROUGH, SUSPICIOUS) Where's it lead?

FREYA:
(CLOSING ELEVATOR GRILLE) You'll see. Button B, if you would.

DOCTOR:
B for basement, I presume. (FX: PRESSES BUTTON.)

(FX: LIFT BEGINS TO DESCEND)

FREYA:
There's a whole network of tunnels running through the rock below. We use them for storage.

DOCTOR:
And very curious rock it is. I'm not sure I've seen anything like it, anywhere on the face of this planet. But then, this island wasn't *on* the face of the planet until four years ago. Was it?

FREYA:
How much do you know, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Not enough.

FREYA:
My understanding is it spent the preceding six million years on the sea-bed. Although there is evidence that six million and one years ago, it was indeed up here on the surface.

DOCTOR:
So it rose again?

FREYA:
Overnight.

DOCTOR:
How?

FREYA:
We suspect through sheer force of will.

DOCTOR:
What could have the force of will to raise an island from the sea bed?

FREYA:
I think I have the beginnings of an answer.

(FX: ELEVATOR STILL DESCENDING. FADE)

**SCENE 51: INT. CAVE**

(FX: ECHOING DRIPS. ACE AND DOVEDAY WALKING ON CAVERN FLOOR, DOVEDAY'S BREATHING STRAINED.)

ACE:
It's okay, C.P. Hold on to me.

DOVEDAY:
You'd get out of these caves much quicker, Ace, if you weren't dragging me along with you.

ACE:
I told you, I'm not leaving you here.

DOVEDAY:
You must! Something's calling to me… trying to control me… and I don't know how much longer I can fight it!

(FX: SOME WAY OFF, MUFFLED SOUND OF ELEVATOR DESCENDING.)

ACE:
Wait. What's that noise?

DOVEDAY:
What?

ACE:
Sounds like machinery. Hold up a minute. (SHE DARTS OFF) It came from over…

(FX: ACE CROSSING CAVERN)

DOVEDAY:
What are you doing?

ACE:
There's some kind of chink in the rock here. You can see through… Wow.

DOVEDAY:
What is it?

ACE:
A huge cavern. With a lift going down at the far end.

DOVEDAY:
A lift?

ACE:
Em… elevator. Top and bottom of the shaft, there's metal structures built into the wall.

DOVEDAY:
(CROSSING CAVERN) Let me take a look.

ACE:
You see? Is this something to do with the Institute?

DOVEDAY:
Not so far as I'm aware. (FX: ELEVATOR STOPPING.) The elevator's stopping. Two people getting out. It's Doctor Gabriel, and your friend.

ACE:
The Doctor?!?

DOVEDAY:
They're going into that construction there.

ACE:
Let me see! (CALLING) Doct-[or!!!] (FX: FROM A DISTANCE, CLANG OF METAL DOOR CLOSING.) Great. That thing's like a nuclear bunker. No way they'll be able to hear us.

DOVEDAY:
We're not going after them-?

ACE:
Well, yeah. But we need to get these rocks out of the way first! — Well, what are you waiting for, C.P.? Help me!

(FX: TEARING ASIDE THE ROCKS AND STONES BLOCKING THE GAP.)

**SCENE 52: INT. STEEL VAULT**

(FX: FREYA AND DOCTOR STEPPING ACROSS STEEL CHAMBER.)

DOCTOR:
This vault, I take it, is where you store your paperwork.

FREYA:
Not just the paperwork.

(FX: DOCTOR LIFTING DOWN PILE OF MAGAZINES.)

DOCTOR:
And not just the paperwork I'd have imagined. 'Shuddersome Tales'? You have quite a collection of the less respectable organs of American letters.

FREYA:
We aspire to lock up here every existing copy of every issue containing the work of one contributor in particular.

DOCTOR
(FX: LEAFING THROUGH PAGES) C.P. Doveday.

FREYA:
He came to me as a patient in New York.

DOCTOR:
On what basis?

FREYA:
Total amnesiac breakdown, accompanied by hallucinations tied to the horrors in his stories. I was the better part of the way through some degree of cure, when a Professor August Corbin showed up, representing a very secret department of Government, set up to investigate strange goings on off the Alaskan coast.

DOCTOR:
Such as the rising of this island?

FREYA:
With a few sightings of monsters thrown in. Then some pencil pusher on Corbin's team drew his attention to the pulp magazines he read in his lunchbreak. To Doveday's stories, describing the very things they were investigating.

DOCTOR:
How did Doveday react to being drawn into the investigation?

FREYA:
We kept him in the proverbial dark. While still in New York, Corbin's people encouraged me in experiments with hypnotic regression. These, from which Doveday woke with no memory of what he had revealed, uncovered a scarcely believable truth.

DOCTOR:
Which was?

FREYA:
We have it all on film. Projection room's through here.

(FX: METAL DOOR BEING OPENED.)

**SCENE 53: INT. CITADEL VAULT**

(FX: CITADEL AMBIENCE. FOOTSTEPS OF HEX AND WHYTECRAG AS THEY ENTER THE VAULT'S VAST ECHOING SPACE.)

WHYTECRAG:
Keep moving! Into the vault! Go on!

HEX:
Give it a rest, Whytecrag!

WHYTECRAG:
Go on. Argue with my gun. I'd rather keep you alive until the Ancient Ones return. But I can compromise - and so can they.

HEX:
You've killed three people I cared for today. I've taken bullets before. I'll take another, if it gives me the chance to let you know what I think of you.

WHYTECRAG:
Your pathetic feelings for your fellow human maggots are irrelevant, Nurse Schofield. Only your flesh and blood count now — for as long as it takes to cement my pact with this world's next rulers.

HEX:
Haven't they had enough blood already?

WHYTECRAG:
There is a strict procedure to adhere to. These are not beasts, these are Gods. If I show them proper reverence, I shall rule the world at their side from this day on!

(FX: BESTIAL GROWLS FROM SEVERAL DIRECTIONS AS LURKERS CRAWL INTO UPPER PORTIONS OF THE VAULT, CHANTING TO THEMSELVES.)

KARNAS'KOI:
Lass-fert — Mee-yago — No-per-eye!
Nora'mert — Oga-yim — Lenta-righ!

HEX:
Oh, hey. Here they come.

WHYTECRAG:
To the altar, Schofield. It's time to toast their dominion - with your blood!

**END OF PART THREE**

**PART FOUR**

**REPRISE:**

*WHYTECRAG:*
*[…] These are not beasts, these are Gods. If I show them proper reverence, I shall rule the world at their side from this day on!*

*(FX: BESTIAL GROWLS FROM SEVERAL DIRECTIONS AS LURKERS CRAWL INTO UPPER PORTIONS OF THE VAULT, CHANTING TO THEMSELVES.)*

*KARNAS'KOI:*
*Lass-fert — Mee-yago — No-per-eye!*
*Nora'mert — Oga-yim — Lenta-righ!*

*HEX:*
*Oh, hey. Here they come.*

*WHYTECRAG:*
*To the altar, Schofield. It's time to toast their dominion - with your blood!*

(FX: CUT TO:)

**SCENE 54: INT. PROJECTION ROOM**

(FX: FREYA LOADING FILM ONTO PROJECTOR.)

FREYA:
Before I turn the film on, Doctor, one question: do you believe there could be life on other planets?

DOCTOR:
I must look like I need convincing.

FREYA:
According to Doveday, both under hypnosis and at the typewriter, one of those forms of life, the Karnas'koi, conquered this planet six million years ago. Theirs was a violent empire, and like all violent empires it self-destructed, leaving nothing behind but one of their citadels, which retreated under the sea.

DOCTOR:
And inside that citadel?

FREYA:
Three of the mightiest Karnas'koi, in a self-induced sleep, awaiting a second shot at conquest.

DOCTOR:
Which is why the island rose again.

FREYA:
Yes, but rather than simply launch themselves into a changed world, the Karnas'koi sent a scout ahead. One of their own number, in human form.

DOCTOR:
Doveday…

FREYA:
Watch.

(FX: PROJECTOR STARTING UP.)

**SCENE 55: INT. CAVE**

(FX: ACE STILL PULLING ROCKS ASIDE)

ACE:
Nearly there, C.P.!

DOVEDAY:
It's no good, I can't — can't… (SHUDDERING) (FX: SLIGHT RESONANCE) Nora'mert — Ogahhhh-ahh…

ACE:
(STOPPING) Don't lose it now. If we can just get to the Doctor…

DOVEDAY:
(NORMAL) Too late. (TAKING ROCK FROM POCKET) Listen, look, you must hold onto this. Use it if you can.

ACE:
A rock?

DOVEDAY:
I found it in my pocket. Suddenly remembered myself using it [to…]

ACE:
… to scrape out words on the wall of one of these caverns. Me and the Doctor, we saw you earlier.

DOVEDAY:
Yes, but did you see the words?

ACE:
Only for a second.

DOVEDAY:
You must find them again.

ACE:
Find them how?

DOVEDAY:
The rock itself… it'll tell you. I think.

ACE:
You think?

DOVEDAY:
I'm not sure, you see, where my dreams and my reality begin and end. Where I begin and… *ah*… (FX: RESONANCE) Lass-fert — Mee-yago — No-per-eyyyyyye!

**SCENE 56: INT. CITADEL VAULT**

KARNAS'KOI:
(SLIGHTLY OFF) Lass-fert – Mee-yago – No-per-eye!
Nora'mert – Oga-yim – Lenta-righ!

HEX:
(BEING DRAGGED FORWARD) You think I'm going to just lie back and let you stab me, Whytecrag?

WHYTECRAG:
I can shoot you first, if you'd like – and then *drag* you across the altar.

HEX:
Open your eyes, Whytecrag! See these monsters for what they are!

WHYTECRAG:
Oh, but I do! I see their beauty, their purity of form and soul. I searched this degraded, mongrelised world for some force which did not compromise its instinct for power. And here, at last – thanks to a sympathetic informer in Washington – I have found it!!!

**SCENE 57: INT. PROJECTION ROOM**

(FX: RATTLE OF PROJECTOR. DOVEDAY CHATTERING AWAY ON FILM WITH SCRATCHY SOUNDTRACK.)

DOVEDAY
(ON FILM, HYPNOTISED VOICE) … and I hold the key, the key to grant me access to the citadel of my kin. The time will come when I will return to them, and to my true form, and reign at their side.

FREYA:
We found the key, wrapped in newspaper and stuffed under the bed in his apartment.

DOVEDAY:
(ON FILM) But I will not do it! I will not kill what I love! I am not what they tell me! I am — a man!

DOCTOR:
Looks as if our alien spy was having a little trouble with his alien-ness.

FREYA:
Precisely. The Karnas'koi had made him too human. The human side rebelled against the alien, inducing a breakdown, a mental black-out of his alien past.

DOCTOR:
Except in his stories.

FREYA:
Yes. Involuntary memories he naively assumed were no more than fantasies. He wrote them down and made a living out of them.

DOVEDAY:
(ON FILM) We… we are a single mind, like the… the ants, the bees, of your world. Synchronised through… through chanting! (FX: SLIGHT RESONANCE) Lass-fert — Mee-yago — (NORMAL) No! No!

(FX: FREYA STOPS PROJECTOR)

DOCTOR:
Fascinating. A hive mind.

FREYA:
Which we turned to our advantage. For just as they tried to control him telepathically, his alien consciousness could be used by us to send telepathic traffic the other way.

DOCTOR:
But of course. You used him to pacify them!

FREYA:
Sent them all the way back into their dreaming state within the citadel.

DOCTOR:
Brilliant! Telepathic sedation. All your problems would be over… one might think.

FREYA:
Not quite. Having quarantined Doveday here, alongside a load of other so-called 'patients' …

DOCTOR:
In fact, his guards. —

FREYA:
… we realised any stress could revive his alien side.

DOCTOR:
And revive your bottled beasties into the bargain.

FREYA:
Likewise, if Whytecrag should succeed in reviving the others…

DOCTOR:
They could take control of Doveday. (HORROR) *Ace…!*

**SCENE 58: INT. CITADEL VAULT**

WHYTECRAG:
(SHOVING HEX) Onto the altar, Schofield!

HEX:
I'm going, I'm going! Hey, you don't want us to wear white, or nothing? Cos I gotta say, you might have missed the boat [there —]

WHYTECRAG:
Silence! (TO KARNAS'KOI) Dod-ay-kat Dod-ay-kat Ramtag Gester!

KARNAS'KOI:
Dod-ay-kat Dod-ay-kat Ramtag Gester!

WHYTECRAG:
They hear! Listen! I am they and they are me!

(FX: CORBIN STUMBLING IN. ECHO AS HE CALLS ACROSS VAULT.)

CORBIN:
(FROM OFF) And together you must be stopped!

WHYTECRAG:
Corbin?!?

HEX:
Prof?!? I thought —

CORBIN:
(APPROACHING) There was a second membrane, some thirty feet below the first. It broke my fall. And — (WINCES) — my collarbone, I believe.

HEX:
Lucky.

WHYTECRAG:
Don't be so sure.

CORBIN:
You were right, Hex. It's not hopeless! He can be cheated! The man with the scythe! The Grim Reaper!

WHYTECRAG:
(SIGHS) Temporarily, perhaps. Permanently? — No.

(FX: GUNSHOT)

CORBIN:
(SHOT, DIES INSTANTLY)

(FX: BODY ON FLOOR)

WHYTECRAG:
There now, Nurse Schofield, we can get on with — (GRABBED BY HEX) AGH!

HEX:
Kept your eye on the Prof a second too long, Whytecrag. Now here's the knife at *your* throat.

WHYTECRAG:
Idiot! Without the ritual, we're nothing to *them* but raw meat. Listen!

KARNAS'KOI:
Fest'tag — Mon'nack — Purg-wal!
Fest'tag — Mon'nack — Purg-wal!

WHYTECRAG:
They're impatient. They're hungry.

(FX: SCREECHING ROARS! KARNAS'KOI RUSHING FORWARD…)

HEX:
They're coming for us!

**SCENE 59: INT. PROJECTION ROOM**

(FX: WHIRRING PROJECTOR)

DOVEDAY:
(ON FILM) I am Clarence Penrose Doveday, born… born… When was I born? *Was* I born…?

DOCTOR:
I've seen enough, Freya. I need to find [Ace —]

(FX: DOOR THROWN OPEN. DOVEDAY STUMBLING IN.)

DOVEDAY:
Doctor Gabriel, I…

FREYA:
Clarence!

DOVEDAY
(ON FILM) (FX: RESONANCE) I am a Karnas'koi from the outer reaches of your universe, come to reconnoitre your world!

FREYA:
Turn off the projector!

DOCTOR:
No. Let him see.

DOVEDAY:
See? See what? — That's… that's me!

ACE:
(ENTERING) C.P., what do you think you're doing, rushing off like… (BREAKS OFF) Oh, look who it isn't!

DOCTOR:
Ace!

DOVEDAY:
Quiet! Let me hear!

DOVEDAY:
(ON FILM) (FX: RESONANCE) I was born, yes! In their Citadel! A Karnas'koi bred in human form!

DOVEDAY:
I don't recall this session.

FREYA:
You were under hypnosis.

DOVEDAY:
Telling one of my stories? Under hypnosis?

DOCTOR:
It's not a story, Clarence.

DOVEDAY
(ON FILM) (FX: RESONANCE) Karnas'koi – my birthright!

DOVEDAY:
No! No!!!

**SCENE 60: INT. CITADEL VAULT**

(FX: SCREECHING AND SCUFFLING OF CLAWS AS LURKERS DRAW NEAR.)

HEX:
Cornered!

WHYTECRAG:
Wait! I am your servant, your kinsman!

HEX:
They're not listening!

WHYTECRAG:
Please…!

(FX: SUDDENLY ROARING OF LURKERS DIES AWAY TO A LOW BREATHING AND A MORE THOUGHTFUL CHANTING.)

KARNAS'KOI:
Kostar – Poress – Deskarr.
Kostar – Poress – Deskarr.

HEX:
What's happened to them?

WHYTECRAG:
Suddenly they have something else on their minds.

HEX:
Such as what?

WHYTECRAG:
Perhaps… perhaps the return of a prodigal son?

**SCENE 61: INT. PROJECTION ROOM**

(FX: AS BEFORE. PROJECTOR CONTINUES TO CLATTER.)

DOVEDAY:
Kostar — Poress — Deskarr.
Kostar — Poress — Deskarr.
… I hear them! I hear!

ACE:
Hear what, C.P.?

DOCTOR:
The truth.

DOVEDAY:
The truth, yes! From a source more trustworthy than Doctor Gabriel!

FREYA:
Clarence, I'm [sorry —]

DOVEDAY:
That is not my name!

FREYA:
(ON FILM) Session number two-six-three. Reinforcement of substitute memories. C.P., can you hear me?

DOVEDAY:
(ON FILM) I hear you.

FREYA:
(ON FILM) I want you to describe again your childhood holidays on Coney Island. I want you to tell me about the taste of the hot dogs. I want you to remember this when other, more stressful, memories try to come.

DOVEDAY:
(ON FILM) Hot… dogs…?

FREYA:
(ON FILM) You remember I told you about the hot dogs?

DOVEDAY:
Switch it off!

(FX: PROJECTOR TURNED OFF.)

FREYA:
You have to understand — I did what I did to protect you, [Clarence —]

DOVEDAY:
Tell me, "Doctor" – were they real hot dogs, real holidays with real parents in a real childhood? – or lies you placed in my mind?

FREYA:
Lies to make you happy, to make you at peace with yourself. Lies to keep everyone else on this planet safe.

DOCTOR:
Well, the truth is out. The lie is dead.

DOVEDAY:
Yes, and I'm of a mind to keep some company I can trust. (FX: VOICE DISTORTS) *Fer'skap – Non-ay-yay – Fola-rap!*

ACE:
C.P.! Please!

DOVEDAY:
*Polarat – Sigur – Miskat!*

**SCENE 62: INT. CITADEL VAULT**

(FX: KARNAS'KOI CHANTING IN THEIR GREAT GUTTURAL VOICES.)

KARNAS'KOI:
*Polarat — Sigur — Miskat!*

WHYTECRAG:
They've made contact, I'll bet, with their runaway offspring.

HEX:
What-?

WHYTECRAG:
With four of them wakened, the human world will fall all the quicker.

HEX:
Yeah, and take you with it. Congratulations, genius.

WHYTECRAG:
No, no, I shall lead them out into that world. — (TO KARNAS'KOI) Listen! Listen! I stand with you in the conquest! Polarat — Sigur — Mis-[kat!]

(FX: LOUDEST SCREECH YET FROM LURKERS AS THEY COME SCUTTLING AND FLAPPING FORWARD.)

HEX:
Get down, Whytecrag! Quick!

WHYTECRAG:
No! Listen!

HEX:
Down!

(FX: DIN OF LURKERS SWEEPS TOWARDS US.)

**SCENE 63: INT. PROJECTION ROOM**

DOVEDAY:
(DISTORTING) The gate, the great citadel gate… it opens.

FREYA:
It what?

DOVEDAY:
They rise into the air, on wings as vast as the polar night.

ACE:
I don't understand. C.P.?

DOCTOR:
He means, the Karnas'Koi are coming here.

DOVEDAY:
Yes, and I must prepare myself to greet them! (FX: DISTORTED GROWLINGS AND BREATHINGS, SOUNDS OF FLESH STRETCHING AS DOVEDAY BEGINS TO TRANSFORM.) (WITH EFFORT) *Yos'kastar — Kol'yapo — Norgerataaaaa!*

ACE:
Not again-!

FREYA:
He's changing!

DOCTOR:
For good, I fear.

FREYA:
Come on. We have to get out of here!

ACE:
No, I can help him!

DOCTOR:
Look at him, Ace! He's growing too big for the room to hold him. We must go! Now!!!

(FX: DOCTOR, ACE & FREYA RUSH OUT. SHRILL CRY FROM TRANSFORMING DOVEDAY, HIS EXPANDING SIZE KNOCKING FILM CANS ETC OVER.)

(CONTINUES INTO:)

**SCENE 64: INT. CAVE – OUTSIDE UNDERGROUND FACILITY**

(FX: FREYA, DOCTOR AND ACE HURRYING DOWN METAL STEPS AND ONTO ROCK FLOOR. CRIES FROM DOVEDAY WITHIN, SQUEAL OF METAL WALLS BUCKLING.)

DOCTOR:
Quickly, Freya, quickly! He's going to tear that steel hideaway of yours apart!

ACE:
You're not listening! We have to help him!

FREYA:
Look out!

(FX: METAL WALLS RIPPING APART AS 'DOVEDAY' RISES INTO VIEW IN EXPANDING 'LURKER' FORM, SHRIEKING JUST LIKE THOSE IN THE VAULT.)

ACE:
Oh my [God—]

FREYA:
He's fully transformed!

DOCTOR:
Plainly, we have a problem with our Mr Doveday.

ACE:
Wait, he gave me something. Here.

FREYA:
A rock?!?

ACE:
He said we had to find our way back to the words he scratched with it.

DOCTOR:
Back in the far cave, of course! He didn't provide you with a map, did he?

ACE:
He said the rock would show the way.

DOCTOR:
Yes… it's not in a hurry to do so right at the moment, is it?

(FX: MUFFLED BOOMING, RUMBLING FROM OUTER CAVES.)

FREYA:
What was that?

(FX: ANOTHER BOOMING AND RUMBLING. CLOSER AT HAND, ROCKS START TO TUMBLE FROM THE CAVE WALLS, ACCOMPANIED BY MUFFLED 'LURKER' SCREECHINGS.)

DOCTOR:
The cave wall's collapsing.

ACE:
There's something coming through!

DOCTOR:
Yes. I'm afraid we're about to be caught in the middle of a family reunion.

(FX: NEARBY ROCK WALL COLLAPSING. SCREECHES OF 3 x LURKERS BURSTING THROUGH INTO THIS CAVE, ANSWERED BY CLOSER SCREECH FROM TRANSFORMED DOVEDAY.)

FREYA:
I suggest we leave them to it.

ACE:
Good idea-!

(FX: LOW, INTERMITTENT HUM FROM ROCK.)

DOCTOR:
No, wait! The rock seems to have decided to make a contribution.

ACE:
It's glowing.

FREYA:
So? The rock glows. We have to get away from here!

DOCTOR:
It's not just glowing. It's glowing intermittently.

ACE:
So it's a dodgy glowing rock. Come on!

DOCTOR:
If I take a step in this direction – (TAKES A STEP) – the glow fades. (FX: HUMMING SOUND DIES AWAY.) But if I take a step in this direction – (TAKES A STEP) (FX: HUMMING SIGNIFICANTLY LOUDER.)

ACE:
Oh, it likes that.

DOCTOR:
What the rock likes, the rock shall have.

FREYA:
We're about to be eaten by monsters, and we're listening to a rock? Somebody wake me up.

(FX: SCREECH OF APPROACHING LURKERS.)

FREYA:
Okay, okay, I'm awake! Come on!!!

(FX: ALL RUSH OFF. CROSSFADE INTO:)

**SCENE 65: INT. CAVE**

(FX: DOCTOR, ACE AND FREYA RUNNING UP. WAVES ON SHORE NEARBY. STEADY HUM FROM ROCK.)

FREYA:
(RUNNING TO HALT) Look there! Daylight.

DOCTOR:
Aha! And here —

ACE:
The words on the wall.

DOCTOR:
Words written by Doveday himself. Why?

ACE:
He was in one of those freak-out moods of his. The words were coming from his alien side.

DOCTOR:
And he was trying to make a note of them before Doctor Gabriel's conditioning kicked in, and blanked them out. Why?

FREYA:
Because they were important?

DOCTOR:
But important how?

FREYA:
Don't ask me.

(FX: IN MIDDLE DISTANCE, CRIES OF LURKERS APPROACHING.)

ACE:
Maybe we should ask them.

FREYA:
Doctor, the words on the wall can wait!

DOCTOR:
That's just the point. They've been waiting long enough. (RECITING) "*Ara*-Kara-Taka!"

ACE:
No good, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
My emphasis may be off. (RECITING) "Ara-*Kara*-Taka!" (NOTHING) "Ara-Kara-*Taka!*"

(FX: SUDDEN JUDDERING, GRINDING SOUND FROM NEAREST ROCK FACE.)

DOCTOR:
That's it! Get back!

ACE:
The whole wall's opening up!

DOCTOR:
"Ara-Kara-*Taka*." At a rough guess, "This Way In."

FREYA:
It's a door!

DOCTOR:
Yes. I suggest we go through it.

(FX: THEY RUSH THROUGH. CONTINUES INTO:)

**SCENE 66: INT. CITADEL TUNNEL**

(FX: LURKER SCREECHES OFF.)

ACE:
(WALKING BRISKLY THROUGH DOOR) Where are we now?

DOCTOR:
Inside the citadel. The side entrance, as it were.

FREYA:
But the citadel's on the far side of the island.

DOCTOR:
I suspect there's very little island to this island. Just a vast network of citadel tunnels with little bits of island on the [outside-]

(FX: OVER THIS, HEX APPROACHING FROM THE OTHER END OF THE TUNNEL, DRAGGING WHYTECRAG, MAKING STRAINED, GRUNTING BREATHS.)

ACE:
Wait. What's that?

FREYA:
Coming down the tunnel. (FX: A HOWLING LURKER CRY FROM BEHIND.) Whatever it is, we'll be trapped between it and the Karnas'koi back there.

DOCTOR:
Well then, let's hope it's friendly.

FREYA:
Does it sound friendly?

HEX:
(APPROACHING FROM OFF, JUST BY TUNNEL BEND) Come on…!

DOCTOR:
Yes, very. (CALLING OUT) Hello there, Mister Hex.

(FX: HEX APPEARING, SUPPORTING INJURED, GROANING WHYTECRAG.)

HEX:
Doctor? It can't be… Doctor? Ace?

WHYTECRAG:
No…! You…?!?

ACE:
What're you doing dragging that — *thing?*

HEX:
Gotta admit, I've been asking myself that. Him having murdered the pair of youse, or so I thought.

ACE:
Yeah, but it'd take more than a puny hand grenade to take us out.

HEX:
But then I figured, it's my vocation, isn't it — helping the sick. And they don't get sicker than Emerson Whytecrag.

WHYTECRAG:
You're enjoying this… Schofield… (WINCES WITH PAIN)

FREYA:
What happened to him-?

HEX:
Those Lurker things trampled him when they took off. Dunno where, or for why —

DOCTOR:
Ah.

(FX: LURKER SCREECHES APPROACHING ALONG TUNNEL.)

HEX:
Don't tell me, they've been chasing *you?!?*

DOCTOR:
Everyone — run!!!

HEX:
What, back they way we came?

WHYTECRAG:
Where else-?

DOCTOR:
Back into the Citadel! Don't argue — run!!!

(FX: FOOTSTEPS HURRYING ON, LURKERS PURSUING. CROSSFADE INTO:)

**SCENE 67: INT. GALLERY ABOVE VAULT**

(FX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING, STOPPING. SOME WAY BACK, LURKERS ROARING.)

HEX:
Hold up. Hold up! Can't run forever with mush here weighing us down.

WHYTECRAG:
Leave me, then. I'd leave you, given half the chance.

HEX:
Yeah, now you want to play the martyr. Like I'm about to give you the satisfaction.

ACE:
Hex. Mate. You can be too nice.

DOCTOR:
Stop squabbling! (BEAT) What is this place?

HEX:
Down there, that's where those Lurker things were nested. And where this maniac tried to sacrifice me to them.

FREYA:
Oh no, is that… Corbin? August Corbin?

HEX:
Fraid so. Uh, we've not been introduced.

DOCTOR:
Introductions can wait, for now my main concern is — AOW!

ACE:
What's up? Doctor?

(FX: LOUDER, SHRILLER HUM FROM ROCK.)

DOCTOR:
I'm alright! It's just this rock, in my pocket. It's suddenly got rather hot.

(FX: ROCK'S OUTER CRUST CRACKING APART.)

HEX:
More than that, Doctor. It's cracking apart!

DOCTOR:
Yes, perhaps I should put it down. —

(FX: ROCK DROPPED TO GROUND, SPLITTING OPEN, SLIMY BURBLING SOUNDS.)

ACE:
Inside, it's all just… I dunno, molten gloop.

WHYTECRAG:
The key! The golden key! No, no you can't! (STUMBLING OFF) I must — must…

HEX:
Hey, where are you off to? — I'm talking to you!!!

ACE:
Seriously, mate. If he holds up the monsters, that suits me fine.

DOCTOR:
(MUSING) The key, he said. The golden key…

HEX:
Wait, wait! Corbin said something about a golden key. About the crystal key being for the earthly door, the golden for the galaxy's heart. No, the galaxy's heart and the ocean's bed. Whatever that means.

(FX: LOUDER MOLTEN BURBLINGS.)

FREYA:
Wait, something's happening to it.

DOCTOR:
The 'gloop' is reforming. Reconstituting itself.

ACE:
Doctor, it's — it's like another of those umbrellas! Gold, this time.

DOCTOR:
Yes. The golden key. (TO HEX) What else did Corbin say?

HEX:
You can see from here, he said. Right here. Then he pointed down at the floor of the vault. Truth is, he wasn't making much sense by then —

DOCTOR:
Ah, but I see something.

FREYA:
Like what?

DOCTOR:
The galaxy's heart.

FREYA:
I beg your pardon?

ACE:
Hang about — on the floor of the vault. All those swirls and curls.

DOCTOR:
An astronomical map of the galaxy the Karnas'koi came from.

FREYA:
How can you possibly know that?

DOCTOR:
I've been there.

FREYA:
What-?!?

ACE:
We'll be here all night.

DOCTOR:
We need to get down there. Fast.

**SCENE 68: INT. CITADEL TUNNEL**

(FX: 4 x LURKERS DRAWING NEAR. WHYTECRAG STUMBLING UP AND STOPPING.)

WHYTECRAG:
Listen to me! Listen! They have the key! The golden key!

(FX: WORRIED LURKER GROWLS)

But I can help you. Stand with you against them! I beg you — see yourself in me, as I see myself in you.

(FX: LURKERS GROWLINGS DROP TO A LOW BREATHING SOUND)

You hear. You understand. This is the moment I've longed for. I have sacrificed everything merely human within myself, waiting for this. Now, at last, my loneliness is at an [end —]

(FX: LOUD LURKER SCREECH! THEY BEGIN TO ADVANCE.)

No, wait, listen! Listen! You and I, we're kindred! Together, we… (BEAT) No, no! Back! See yourself in me! I am a God, like you! I am not just meat! I am more than [meeeeeat-!!!]

(FX: THE LURKERS POUNCE. A FEEDING FRENZY!)

**SCENE 69: INT. CITADEL VAULT**

(FX: AS BEFORE. THE DOCTOR, HEX, ACE & FREYA WALKING BRISKLY ACROSS CHAMBER.)

DOCTOR:
(FX: WALKING TO STOP) Here, at the centre of the pattern.

ACE:
It's some kind of socket.

HEX:
I know how those things work, Doctor. Let me [do it—]

(FX: SQUELCHY SOUND, AS IN SCENE 12: THE KEY WRAPPING ITSELF AROUND THE DOCTOR'S ARM.)

DOCTOR:
Ow!

HEX:
Too late.

ACE:
What's it doing to him?

HEX:
It's alright. It's just elected him keyholder.

DOCTOR:
Now to place the key in the lock.

(FX: SQUELCH OF KEY SLIPPING INTO LOCK.)

FREYA:
What use is any of this against the Karnas'koi?

DOCTOR:
(GIVING OCCASIONAL GRUNTS AND GASPS AS KEY TWISTS HIS ARM THIS WAY AND THAT.) We'll see soon enough. The crucial thing is we're now communicating with the citadel itself.

FREYA:
The citadel itself-?

DOCTOR:
A more simple-minded consciousness, but that may be to our advantage.

ACE:
So when we surprised C.P. in the cave, is this what *he* was trying to do?

DOCTOR:
Quite possibly.

ACE:
What if we hadn't disturbed him, shocked him back into his brainwashed frame of mind?

DOCTOR:
We'll never know.

(FX: 3 x LURKERS SCREECHING INTO THE VAULTED SPACE.)

FREYA:
Here's something we *do* know. Those things just caught up with us!

(FX: THE KEY RELEASES THE DOCTOR'S ARM.)

DOCTOR:
Aha! Got my arm back!

(FX: RUMBLING SOUND SPREADING THROUGH WHOLE CITADEL. SCREECHES FROM LURKERS.)

FREYA:
What now?

DOCTOR:
The citadel is about to show us.

(FX: RUMBLING LOUDER. GRINDING FROM WALLS.)

HEX:
Doctor! Spikes, coming out of the walls!

DOCTOR:
The citadel has its own claws to sprout.

(FX: SCREECHES FROM LURKERS.)

FREYA:
*They're* not so keen on the idea.

DOCTOR:
It's doing it for their own protection.

HEX:
You what-?!?

ACE:
The spikes, they're gonna shoot!

DOCTOR:
But not at us, I think.

(FX: MULTIPLE WHOOSHES OF SPIKES SHOOTING OUT OF WALLS, PRICKING — BUT NOT INJURING — LURKERS. THEY BEGIN TO FALL SILENT, WEAKENING, THROUGH:)

ACE:
Uurgh, they're being [spiked—]

HEX:
No, not spiked. Injected.

DOCTOR:
Exactly. A series of injections. What we've activated is a six million year old programme for sending this place and its occupants into undersea hibernation.

HEX:
You're kidding. —

DOCTOR:
Now. I suggest the way we came in is the shortest way out.

(FX: THEY RUSH OFF. RUMBLINGS AND QUAKINGS ALL THROUGH CITADEL. CROSSFADE INTO:)

**SCENE 70: INT. CITADEL TUNNEL**

(FX: RUNNING BACK ALONG TUNNEL. RUMBLINGS THROUH BUILDING.)

FREYA:
Look! The gap in the wall — it's still open!

(FX: GRINDING SOUND OF GAP CLOSING.)

HEX:
Uh-oh. The gap heard you.

ACE:
Run! We can still make it if we [run]! (FX: GAP SEALING UP.) Okay, maybe not. Doctor? Plan B?

DOCTOR:
Plan B? We ask our friend for help.

FREYA:
What friend?

(FX: BREATHY SNARLINGS OF ONE LURKER APPROACHING.)

DOCTOR:
That friend.

HEX:
Oh, great. One of them got away.

DOCTOR:
"How many Lurkers dream in the vault?" Weren't you counting?

FREYA:
There were three. Three Lurkers in the vault.

DOCTOR:
"Three dream in the vault, the fourth elsewhere."

ACE:
(STEPPING FORWARD) It's C.P., isn't it? (TO LURKER) C.P.? Is it you?

(FX: LURKER GROWLS.)

HEX:
You gave one of them a nick-name?

DOCTOR:
He followed us out.

ACE:
Yeah. He wants to come with us. Don't you? C.P.?

(FX: A SNARL)

HEX:
Ace, you sure about this-?

ACE:
I helped you before, remember? Held you, remember? Remember what that was like — a human embrace, human tenderness? Wasn't that better than this — this *hate?*

(FX: SOFT GROWL.)

DOCTOR:
As one extra-terrestrial to another, I can recommend throwing your lot in with the human race! They're not a bad old species at the end of the day.

FREYA:
What?

ACE:
Go for it, C.P. Bust us out of here.

(FX: ROAR AS LURKER LEAPS FORWARD, ATTACKING CITADEL WALL, TEARING IT APART IN GREAT BLEEDING CHUNKS.)

HEX:
What's he doing?

DOCTOR:
Attacking the wall.

ACE:
Tearing it open again. Go on, C.P.!

(FX: LURKER CRIES, GRINDING SOUNDS FROM CITADEL AS GAP IS RIPPED OPEN.)

DOCTOR:
He has a fight on his hands, I'm afraid. We have to take advantage of the gap he's opened already. Come on!

(FX: THEY RUSH FORWARD THROUGH THE GAP. CONTINUES INTO:)

**SCENE 71: INT. CAVE**

(FX: CONTINUATION OF THOSE SOUNDS, BUT NOW HEARD FROM CAVE OUTSIDE, ALONG WITH QUAKING SOUNDS AND TUMBLINGS OF ROCKS.)

DOCTOR:
Everyone out! Out, into the cave!

(FX: SIMULTANEOUSLY, AKINS & 2 x SOLDIERS RUSHING TOWARDS THEM, FROM BEACH.)

AKINS:
(OFF, RUNNING UP) Dr Gabriel! Dr Gabriel! Ma'am!

FREYA:
It's Akins! Captain Akins!

(FX: LURKER HOWLS IN PAIN.)

ACE:
Come on, C.P.! Through the gap! You can make it!

FREYA:
What are you doing here, Akins?!?

AKINS:
We saw these – things – coming out of the citadel, swooping into the caves. Things with wings. We turned tail and tried to follow them in – (ALARM) God alive, there's one of them coming through the wall! (TO HIS SOLDIERS) You men, take aim!

FREYA:
No! No, you mustn't!

AKINS:
With respect, ma'am – stick to the head-shrinking. (TO SOLDIERS) Open fire!

HEX:
(LUNGING FORWARD) Ace!!! Get down!!!

ACE:
What-?!? No!!!

(FX: A REPEATED VOLLEY OF RIFLE SHOTS, STRIKING THE LURKER. SHRIEKS.)

(BEAT)

ACE:
C.P.? C.P.? (BEAT; TURNING TO AKINS) Why'd you do that? Why'd you shoot?!?

DOVEDAY:
(FX: LURKER RESONANCE) Ace…?

ACE:
(STEPPING FORWARD) Don't worry, C.P. I'm here.

DOCTOR:
No, Ace. Leave him.

ACE:
No chance.

(FX: GRINDING CRUNCH AS GAP IN CAVE WALL BEGINS TO CLOSE…)

DOCTOR:
The gap's resealing. Hex, stop her!

HEX:
(GRABBING ACE) Sorry, Ace. The Doctor's right.

ACE:
(STRUGGLING) Get off me! Don't you dare!!!

DOVEDAY:
(VERY DISTORTED, BUT RECOGNISABLY HIM) Aaaaaaaace!!!!!!!

(FX: CUT SHORT BY THE GAP SEALING SHUT.)

(BEAT)

ACE:
We could have helped him! We could have brought him through!

DOCTOR:
No. The Citadel can help him now. All we could have done was watch him die.

ACE:
Don't you get it? He'd have died a human! He wanted to die a human!!!

(FX: WATER BEGINNING TO FLOOD INTO CAVE BEHIND:)

HEX:
Water. Where's the water coming from-?!?

DOCTOR:
The whole island's starting to sink. I estimate we have little under six minutes before the Arctic Ocean closes over our heads.

HEX:
Six minutes?!?

(FX: A TORRENT OF WATER UNLEASHED THROUGH CAVES)

DOCTOR:
Yes, maybe I am being a little over-optimistic.

FREYA:
Round the headland! There's an airstrip! Captain Akins – evacuate the Institute! Abandon everything!

AKINS:
Everything, Ma'am?

FREYA:
Everything!

AKINS:
(SALUTING) Ma'am! (FX: AKINS AND SOLDIERS RUSH OFF)

FREYA:
Doctor – come on! You too!

DOCTOR:
This is goodbye, Freya. My friends and I are headed *that*-away.

FREYA:
What? The airstrip's this-away. There's nothing that-away!

DOCTOR:
Oh yes there is, about half a mile around the cliffs.

HEX:
You sure about that?

DOCTOR:
When have I ever been wrong?

ACE:
(FLAT, DERISIVELY) Yeah, ha ha ha.

FREYA:
I don't understand.

DOCTOR:
I said I'd been to another galaxy. How do you think that I got there? – Good luck, Dr Gabriel.

HEX:
Yeah, enough with the adieus! Doctor, Ace – leg it!!!

(FX: DR, ACE, HEX RUSH OFF THROUGH WATER)

FREYA:
(CALLING AFTER) Doctor!!! Doctor!!! (BEAT; TO SELF) Oh, what's the use-? (FX: DASHES OFF)

(FX: RUMBLINGS, CRACKINGS, CRUMBLINGS AS THE ISLAND CONTINUES TO SINK BENEATH THE WAVES. SLOW FADE OUT.)

**SCENE 72: INT. TARDIS**

(FX: TV MOVIE TARDIS ACOUSTIC. SHIP IN FLIGHT)

HEX:
Tell you what – next time, Doctor, let's not play it so safe, getting away.

DOCTOR:
(FX: SETTING CONTROLS, BLEEPS ETC.) Oh, we've had closer shaves than that, Mister Hex.

HEX:
Maybe. Only it seems to me, just recently, they've been getting closer and closer, all the time. (BEAT) Do you believe in Death, like?

DOCTOR:
I don't follow.

HEX:
You know, the Grim Reaper. Bloke with a scythe.

DOCTOR:
A fascinating symbol. Questionable as a reality.

HEX:
Cos if he was real, like, I reckon he'd be mad with us, for cheatin' him all the time. Mad, yeah, and gettin' madder.

DOCTOR:
Possibly.

ACE:
Why don't you change out of those wet things, Hex?

HEX:
Yeah. I don't want to catch nothing.

ACE:
Go on, get yourself dried off.

HEX:
(EXITING) Back in a mo'.

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:
You're looking a little solemn, Ace.

ACE:
Feeling it, too.

DOCTOR:
You cared for Doveday.

ACE:
Poor lost soul that he was, stranded between two ends of the cosmos, an alien at both of them. Just wanting somewhere to call home.

DOCTOR:
Well, he wasn't the only creature who ever felt that.

ACE:
If he survived, if the Citadel saved him… what do you think's happened to him?

DOCTOR:
Hibernation. No different, be it six months, or six million years. A descent into a long dream.

ACE:
What will he dream of? Coney Island… or the far side of the universe?

DOCTOR:
Of whatever touched him most deeply. What would that be, I wonder?

**SCENE 73: EXT. ARCTIC SEA**

(FX: WAVES LAPPING ABOUT. AN ARCTIC BIRD OR TWO, FAR ABOVE. VERY MUFFLED, VERY FAINT, FAR BENEATH THE WAVES, SOMETHING VERY LIKE THE CRY OF ONE OF THE LURKERS, LOST IN ITS DREAM.)

DOVEDAY:
(FX: RESONANCE) Ace…

(FX: FADE)

**THE END**